

Featuring America's Fighting Nemesis of Crime

10¢

The **BLACK** **TEROR** No.3

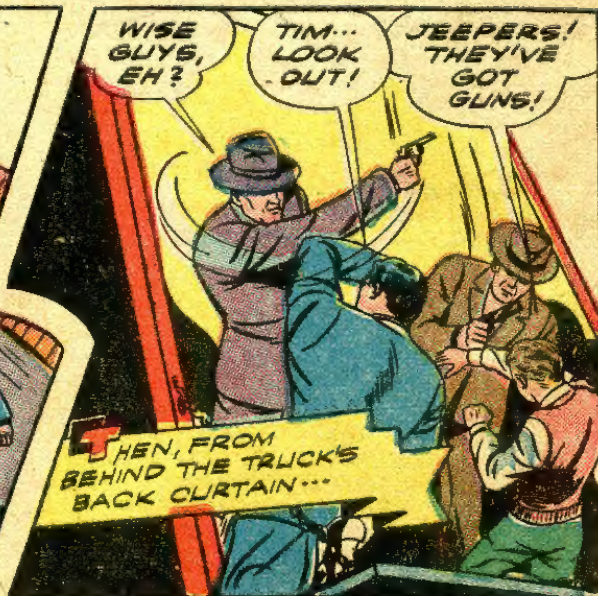
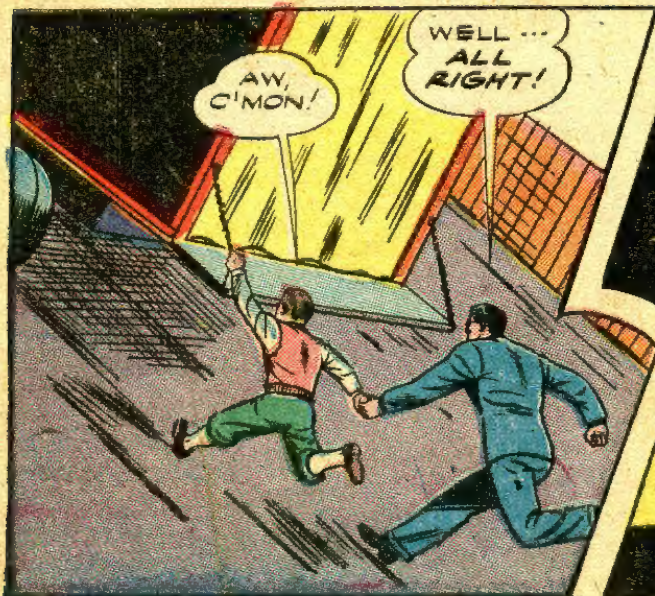
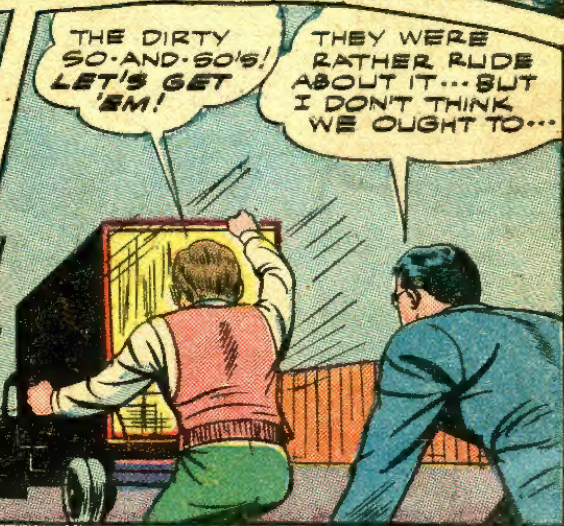
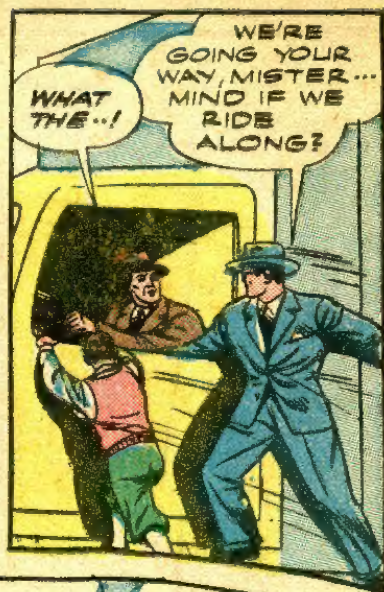
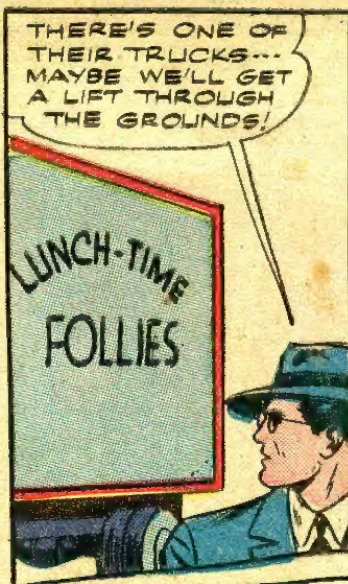


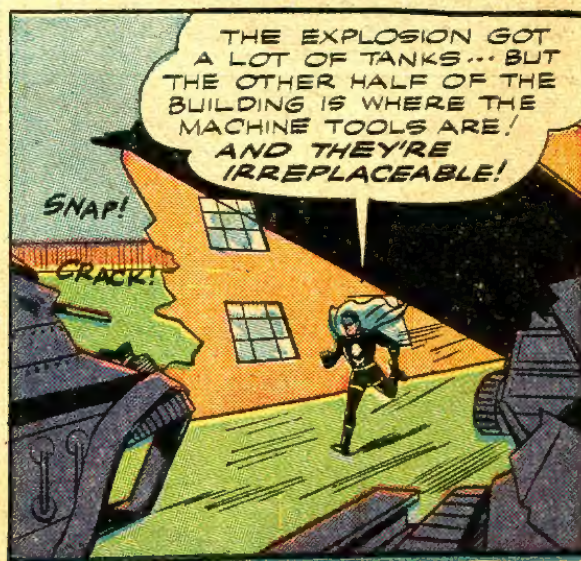
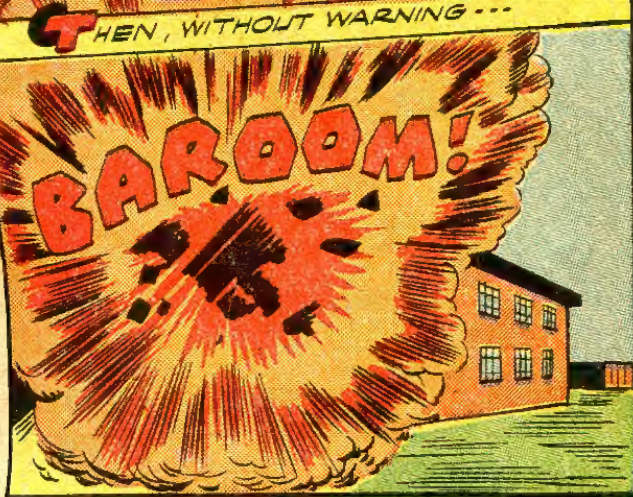
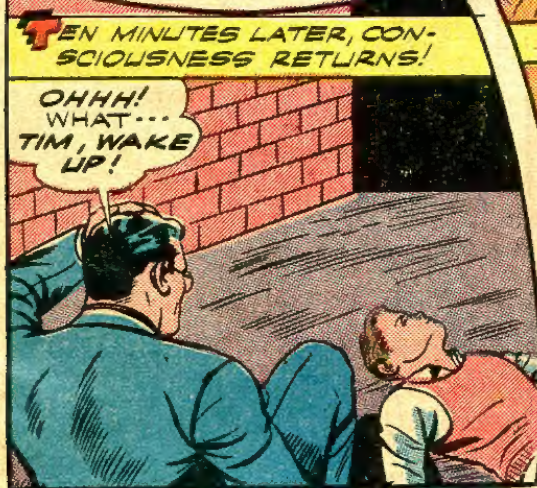
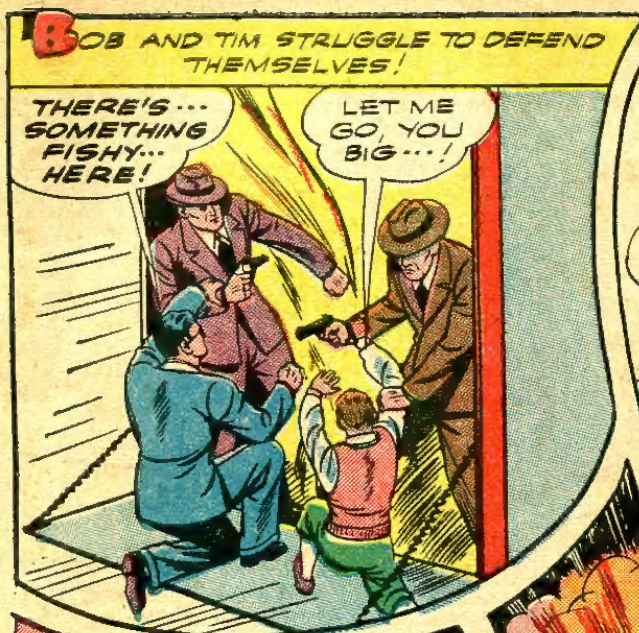
Paul Dobrowolski

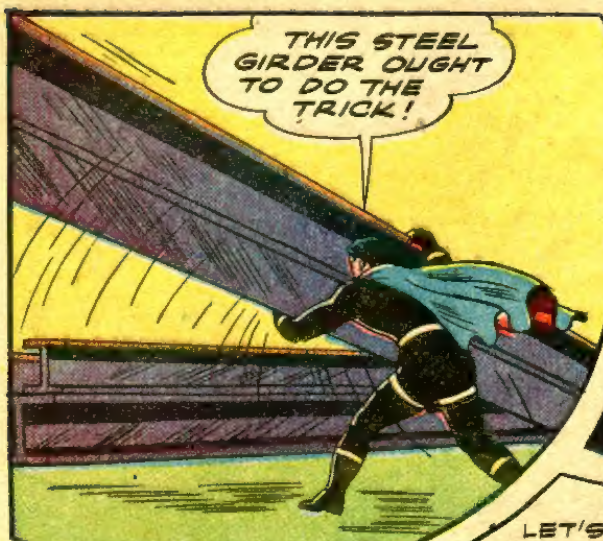
THE BLACK TERROR



EVER HEAR OF "THE LUNCHTIME FOLLIES"? A MORALE-BUILDER FOR WAR-WORKERS... AND QUITE AN IDEA! NAZI SABOTEURS THOUGHT THEY HAD AN IDEA, TOO, IN ATTEMPTING TO USE THE FOLLIES FOR THEIR OWN SINISTER ENDS... UNTIL THEY RAN SMASH INTO THAT MIGHTY DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY... THE BLACK TERROR!







THIS STEEL GIRDER OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

AS THE ASSEMBLED WORKMEN GAPE IN ASTONISHMENT...

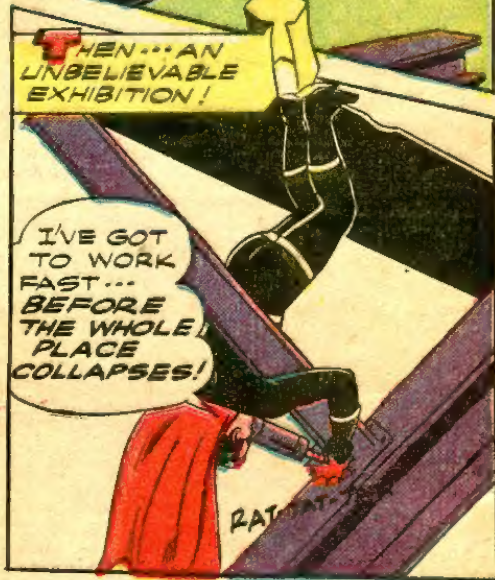


LET'S SEE... SUP-
PORT BEAMS,
RIVETS, RIVET-
ING HAMMER...
I GUESS
THAT'S ALL!



THEN, AS THE MAMMOTH STRUCTURE TOTTERS ...

THERE... THAT'LL
HOLD IT FOR A
FEW MORE
MINUTES!



THEN... AN
UNBELIEVABLE
EXHIBITION!

I'VE GOT
TO WORK
FAST...
BEFORE
THE WHOLE
PLACE
COLLAPSES!



A NETWORK OF STRONG GIRDERS
SPRINGS UP BENEATH HIS MAGIC
TOUCH!

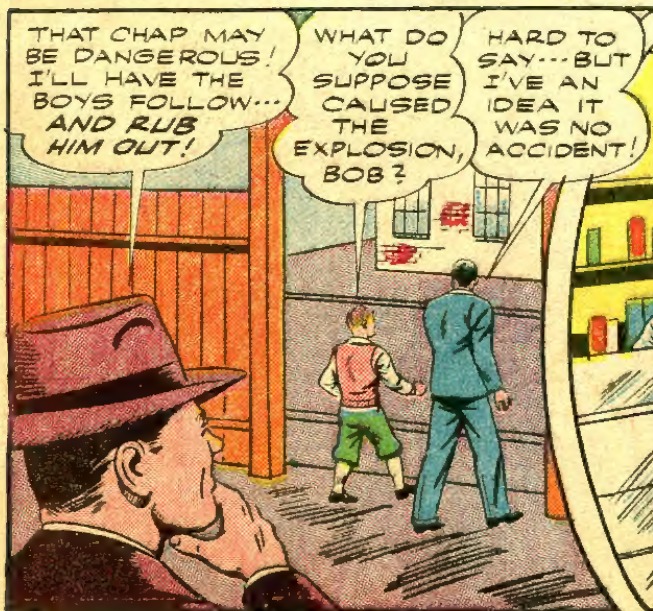
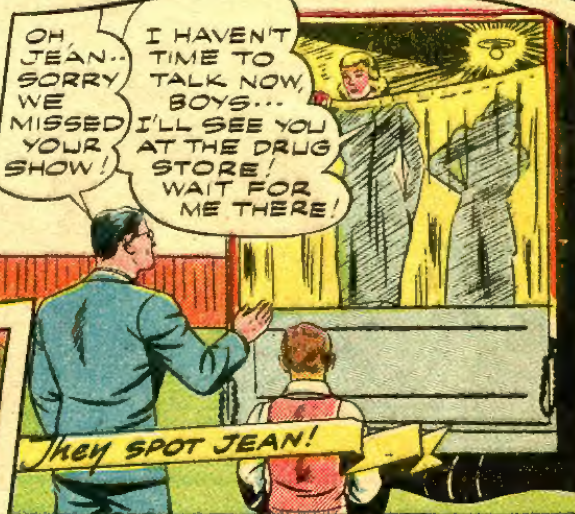
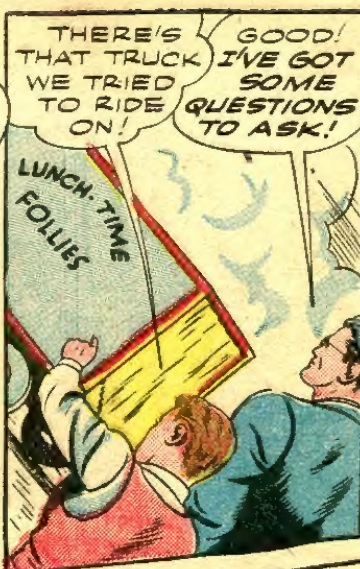
FASTER...
THIS IS
UNCLE
SAM'S
BUSINESS!

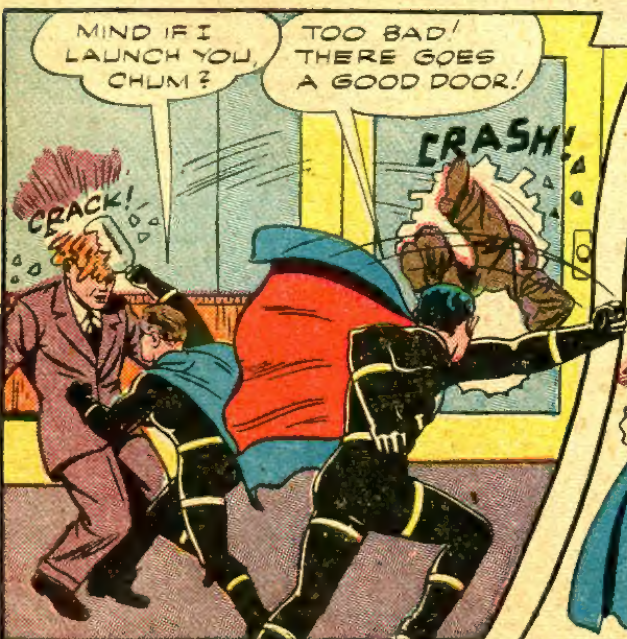
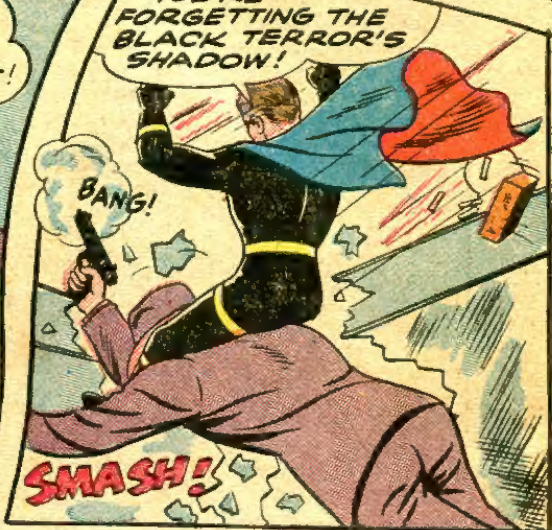
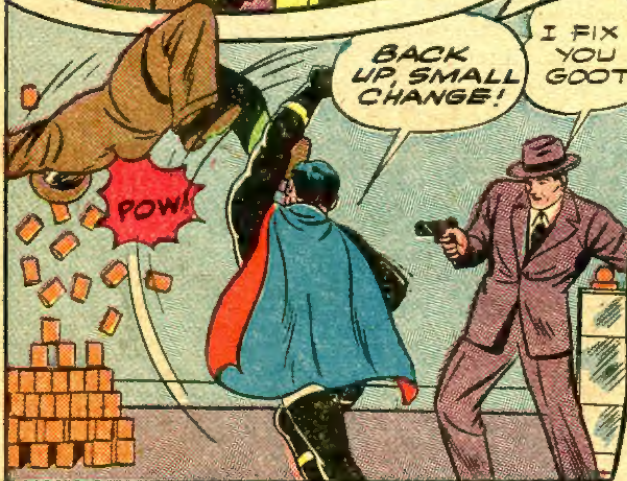
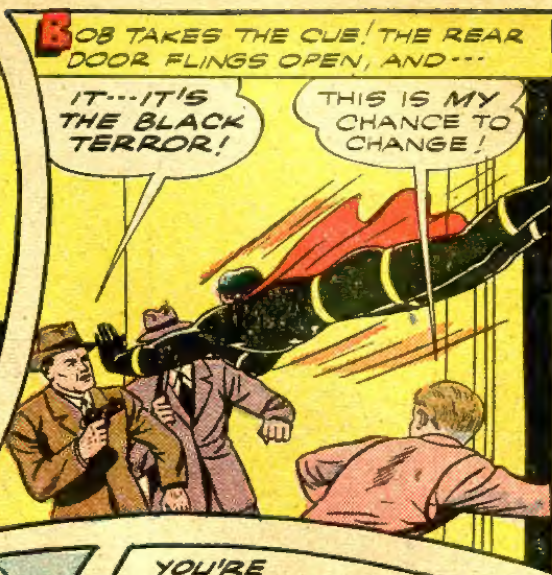
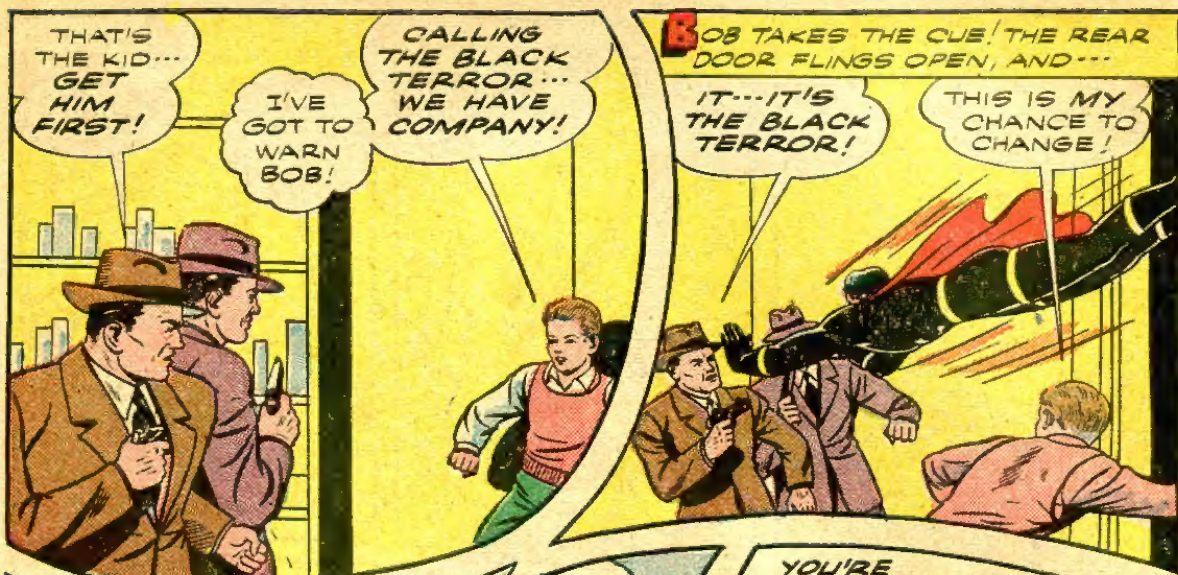


WELL...
THAT'LL HOLD
UP UNTIL YOUR
MEN CAN DO
WHAT NEEDS
TO BE DONE!

BOY... WAIT'LL
I TELL THE
KIDS I SAW
THE BLACK
TERROR AT
WORK!

IN A
TRICE...







THE HIDEOUT... DISGUISED AS AN
ARTIST'S STUDIO...

THESE BOYS ARE
NAZI SABOTEURS,
TIM... THEY BLEW
UP THE TANK
FACTORY THIS
AFTERNOON!

OF COURSE... I DRIVE
THE "FOLLIES" TRUCK,
AND I MERELY DROVE
MY FRIENDS IN, WE
PLANTED THE BOMB,
MY FRIENDS CRAWLED
INTO EMPTY TRUNKS
AND WE LEFT WITH
REST OF
THE SHOW!

VERY CLEVER...
BUT YOU CAN'T
GET AWAY
WITH IT
INDEFINITELY!

WE INTEND
TO GET AWAY
WITH IT
ONLY ONCE
MORE!

TODAY WAS MERELY
A DRESS REHEARSAL
FOR OUR BIG JOB...
KIDNAPPING YOUR
GREAT INDUSTRIALIST,
HENRY KING!

YOU
FIENDS!

HERE ISS
DER TIME
BOMB, HERR
HOCHSCHMIDT!

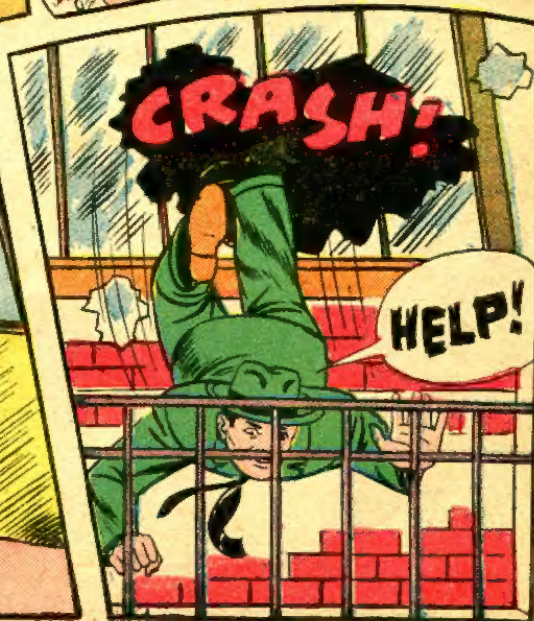
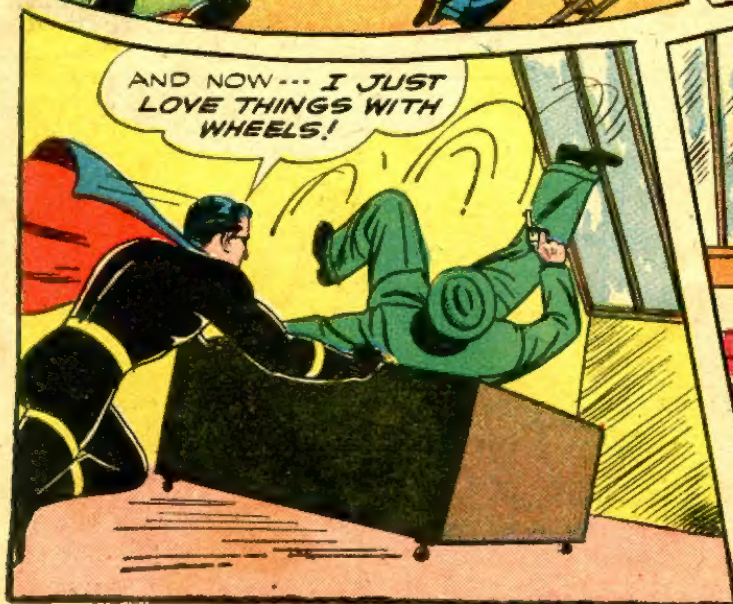
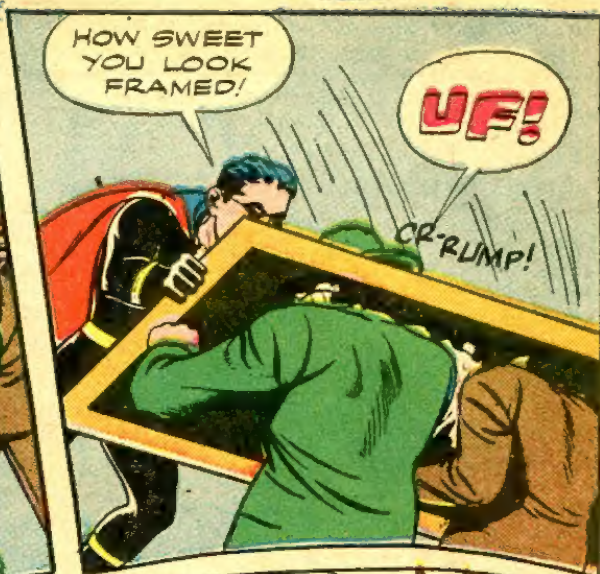
ALL RIGHT... JUST
LEAVE IT THERE!
TO CONTINUE...
WE HAVE A DRUG
IN GERMANY WHICH
ENSLAVES GREAT
MINDS TO OUR CAUSE!
WE NEED HENRY
KING'S GENIUS!

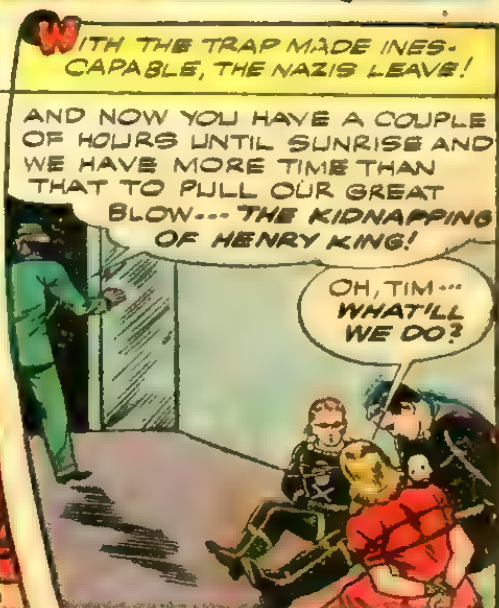
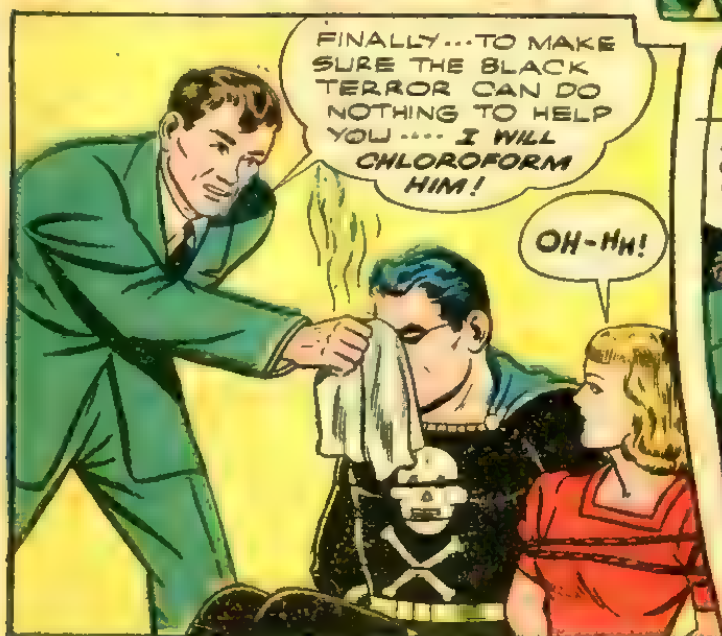
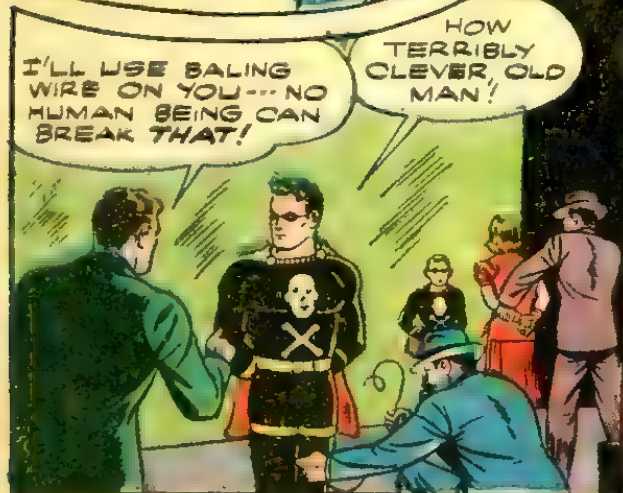
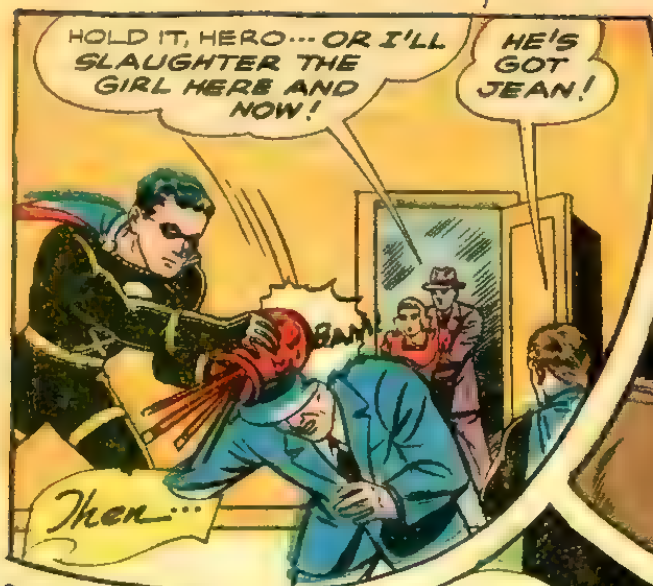
HO-HUM... AND I
SUPPOSE YOU'LL
KILL US WITH
THAT BOMB!

OF
COURSE!

GEE,
AM I
SCARED!

DER TEUFEL...
HE'S BROKEN
LOOSE!

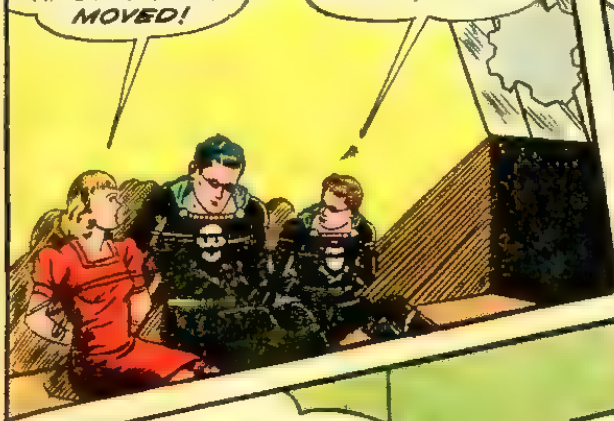




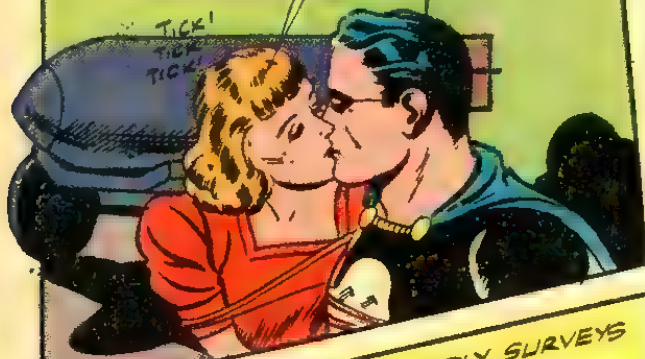
As THE FRIGHTENING HOURS PASS...

IT'S GETTING TO BE DAYLIGHT, TIM--- AND THE TERROR HASN'T EVEN MOVED!

IT---IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE GOT US AT LAST, JEAN!

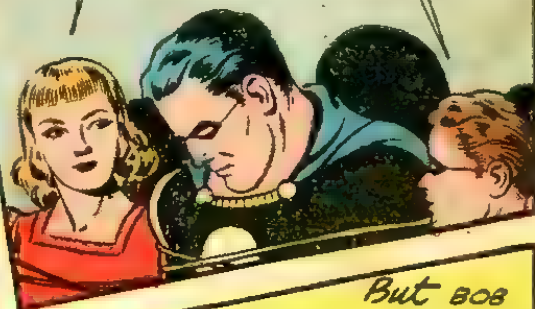


AS LONG AS WE'RE GOING TO DIE... HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO DO FOR A LONG TIME! GOOD BYE, TERROR!



IF WE COULD WAKEN THE TERROR, WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE, BUT---

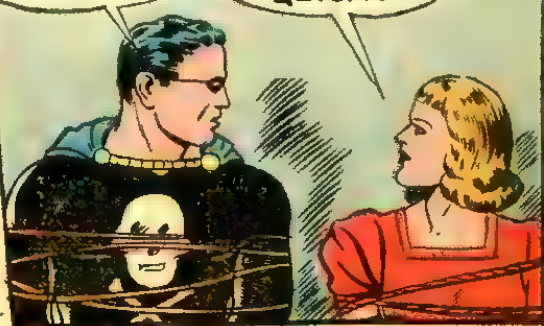
IT LOOKS HOPELESS ---THAT WAS A STIFF DOSE THEY GAVE HIM!



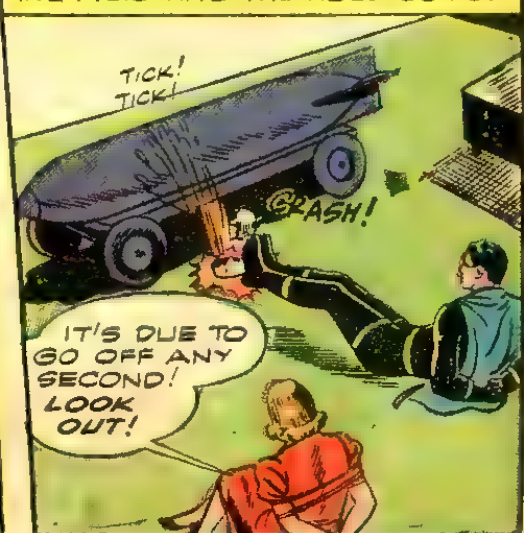
But BOB HAS BEEN COMING TO---AND JEAN'S KISS PIERCES THE SHROUD OF CHLORO- FORM!

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?

HE'S AWAKE! OH TERROR... DO SOMETHING, QUICK!



THE BOTTLE SMASHES! SEARING ACID HITS THE HUGE BOMB!



TICK! TICK!

CRASH!

IT'S DUE TO GO OFF ANY SECOND! LOOK OUT!

THE BLACK TERROR RAPIDLY SURVEYS THE SITUATION, THEN---

I SEE THERE'S SOME NITRIC ACID, FOR ETCHING... THAT OUGHT TO SERVE OUR PURPOSES, TOO!



I WAS LUCKY TO GET THAT ACID ONTO THE WEAKEST PART OF THE BOMB CASING!

BUT WHAT GOOD WILL A HOLE IN THE BOMB DO?

FSSSS!

OH! BE CAREFUL!

SEE...ALL THE POWDER IS COMING OUT THROUGH THE HOLE!

THERE IT GOES! TURN OVER FACE DOWNWARD! HURRY!

TICK! TICK!

HOLD TIGHT! THAT WAS JUST THE PRIMER CHARGE!

CR-RACK!

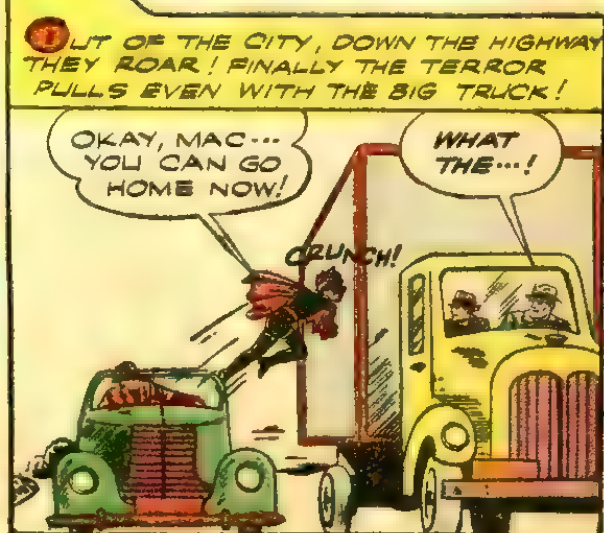
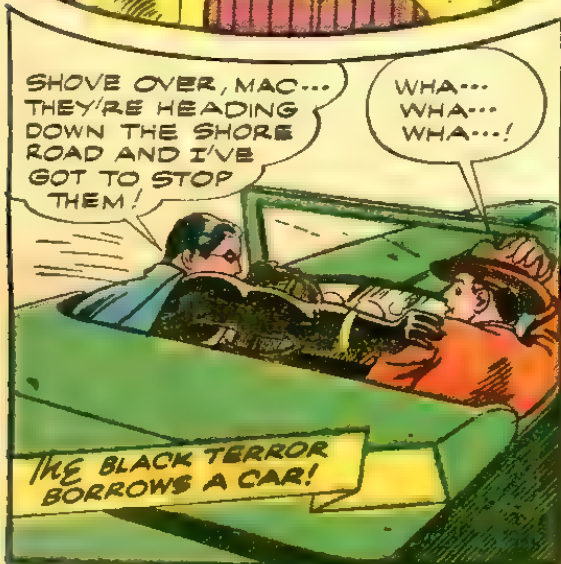
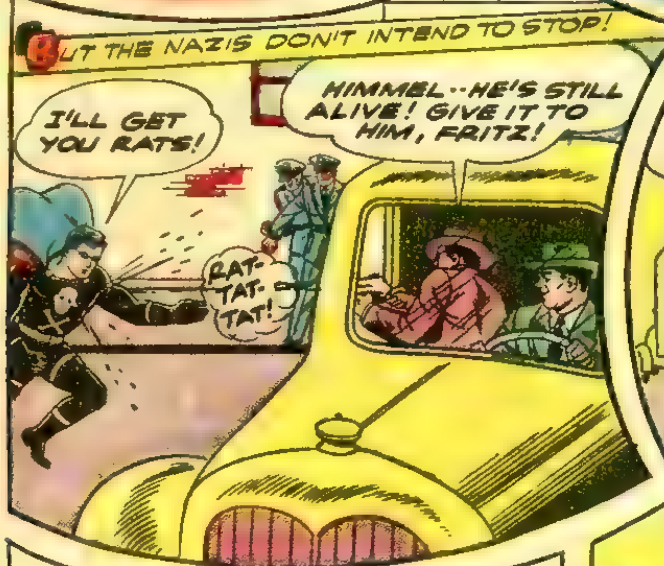
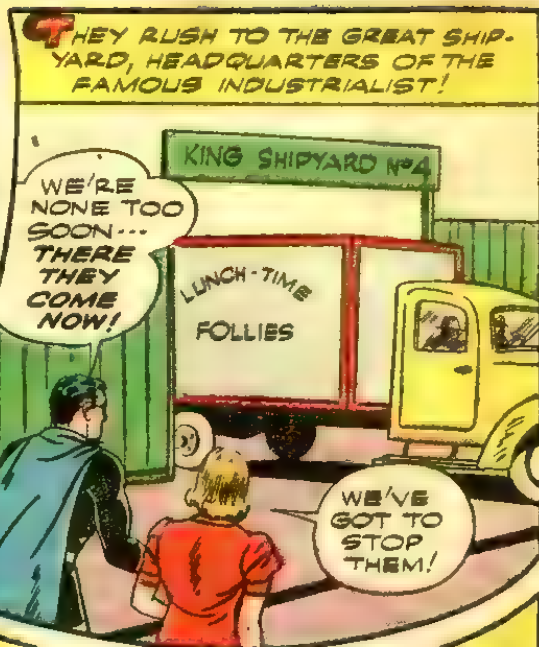
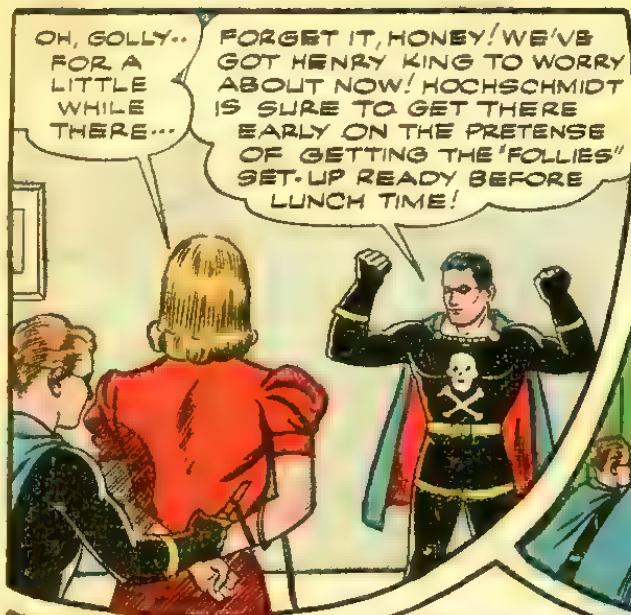
THE ESCAPED POWDER, INSTEAD OF EXPLODING, MERELY BURNS FIERCELY!

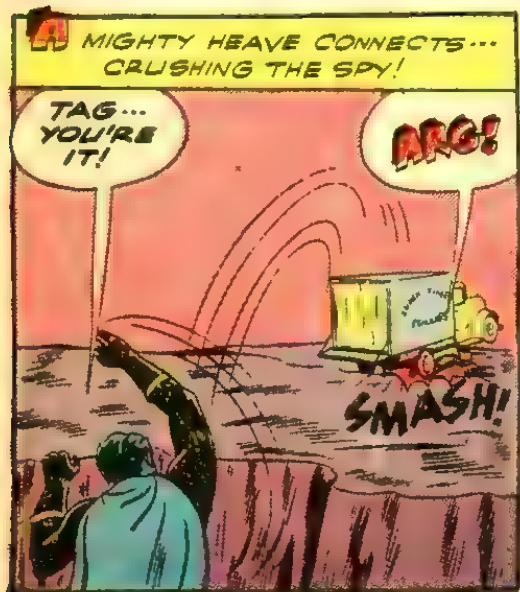
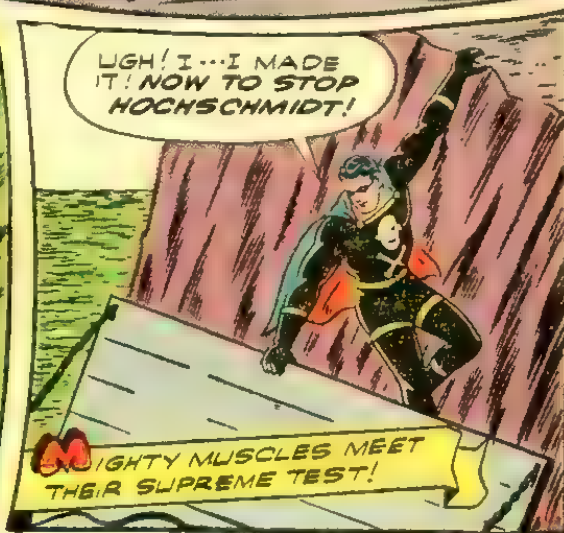
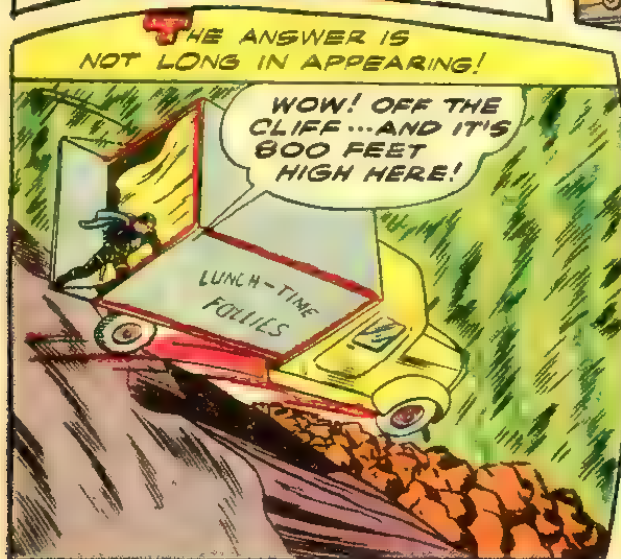
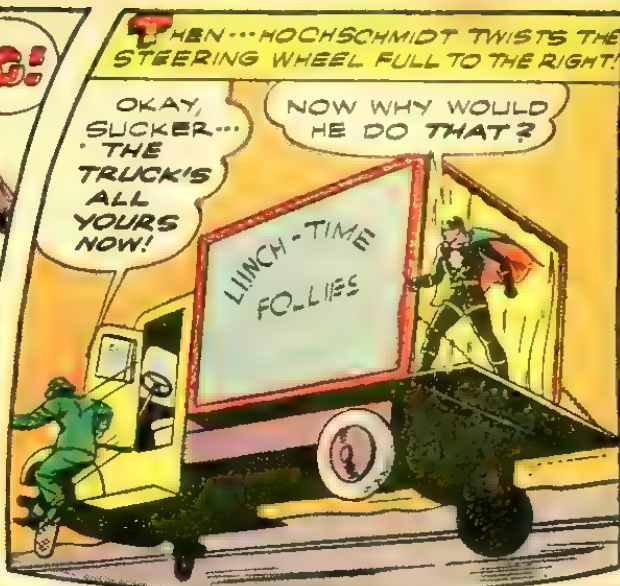
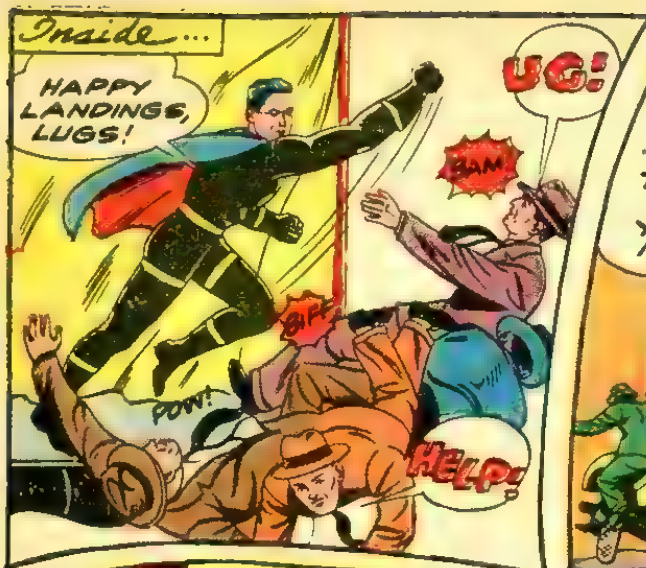
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

PHSST!

MY BONDS ARE ROPE---I CAN BURN THEM LOOSE!

ATTABOY, TIM... THAT'S USING THE OLD NOGGIN!





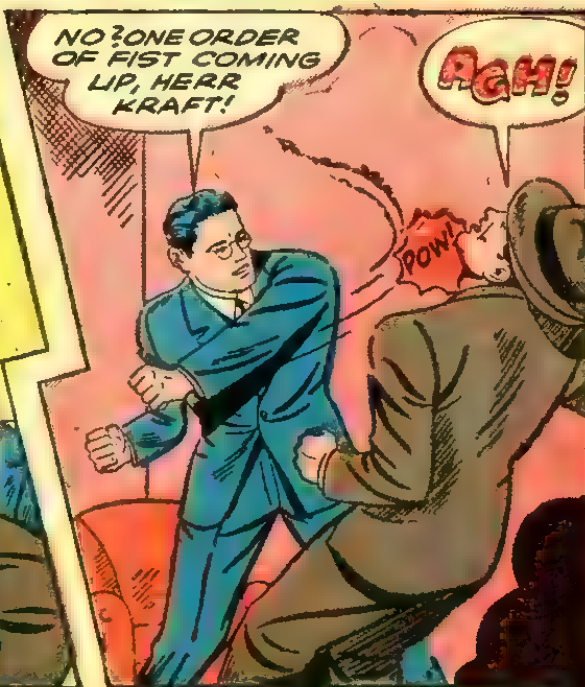
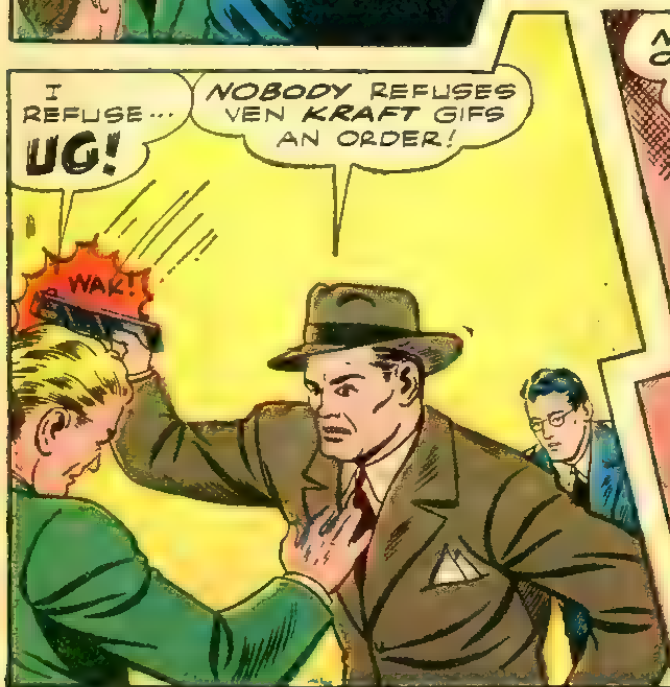
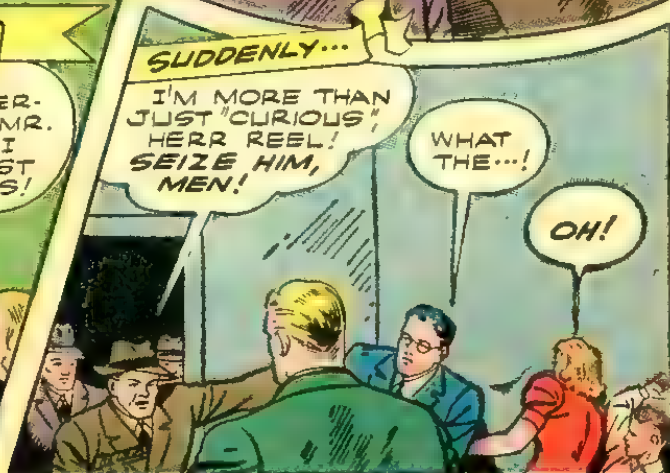
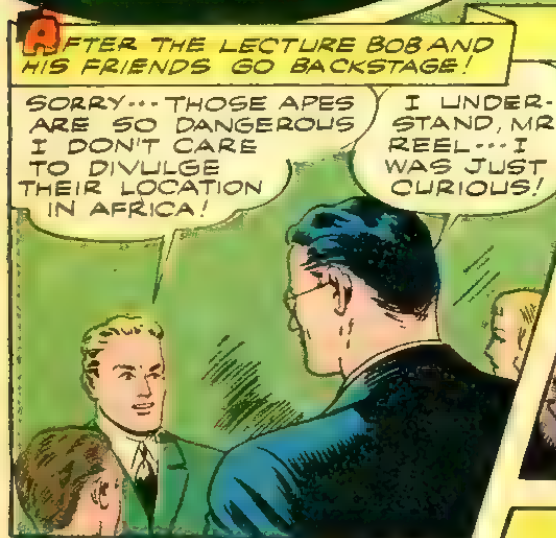
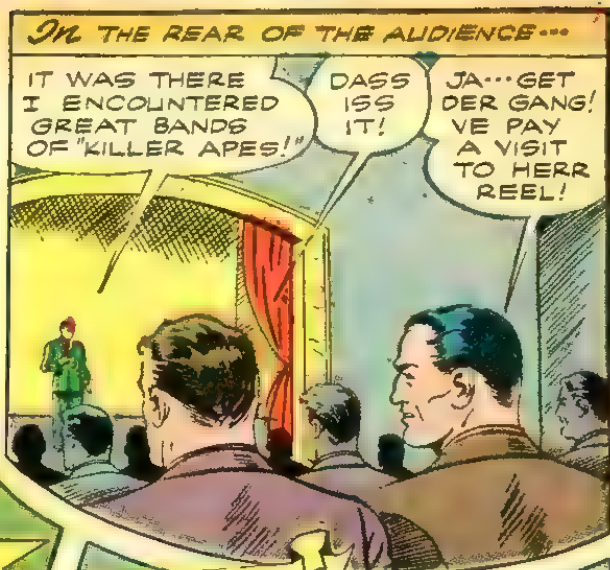
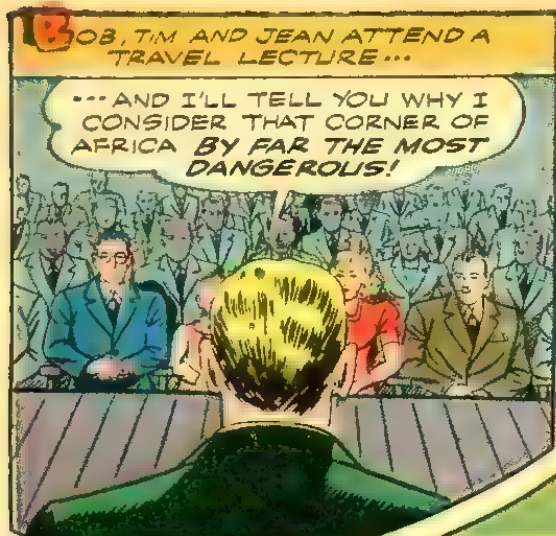
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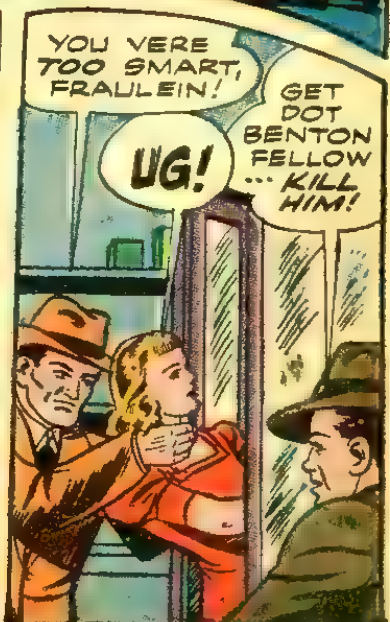
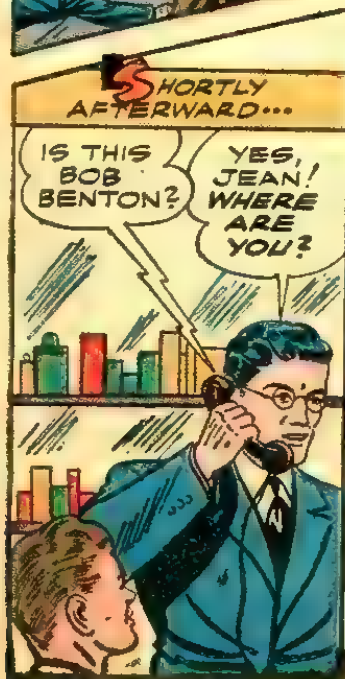
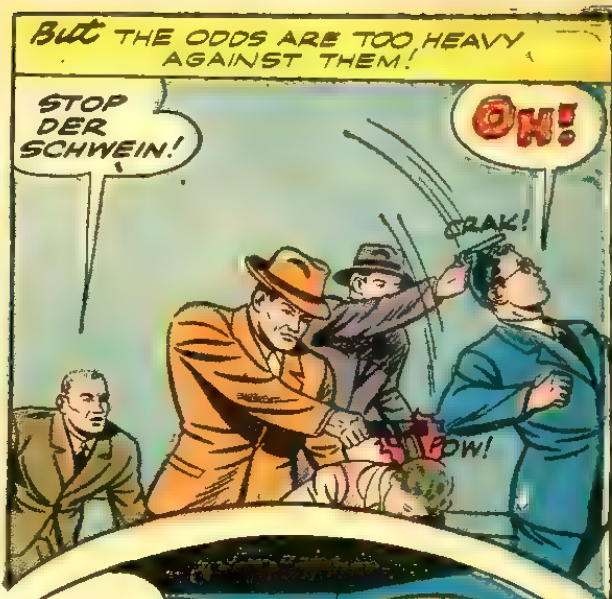
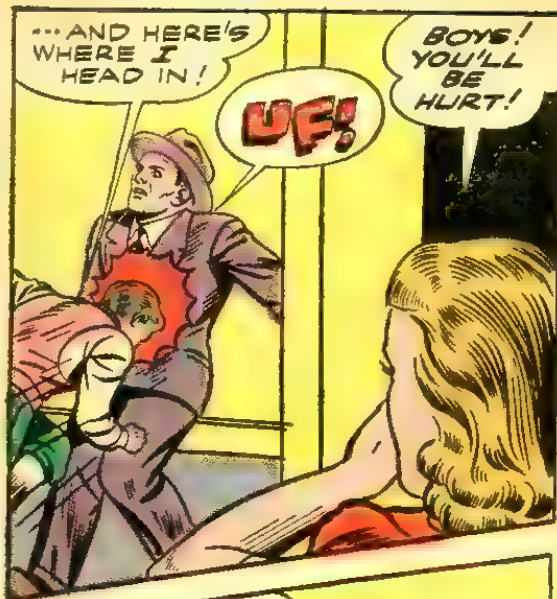
Follow
The
BLACK
TERROR

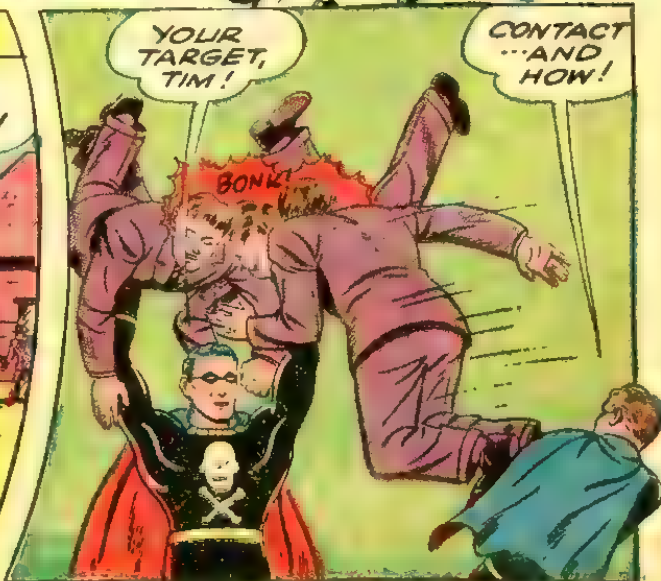
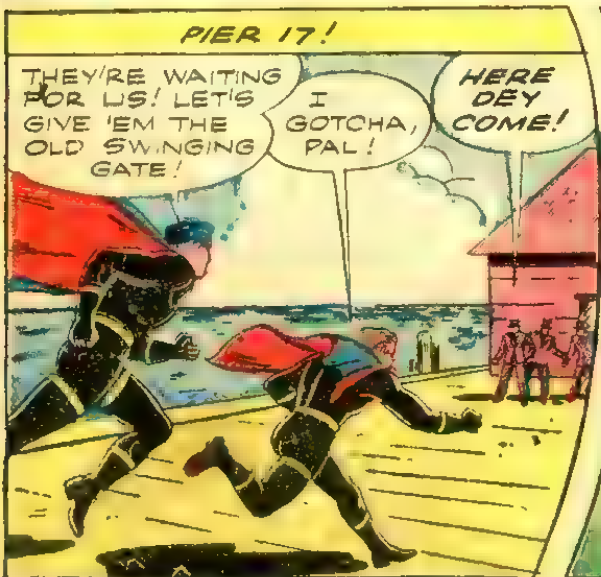
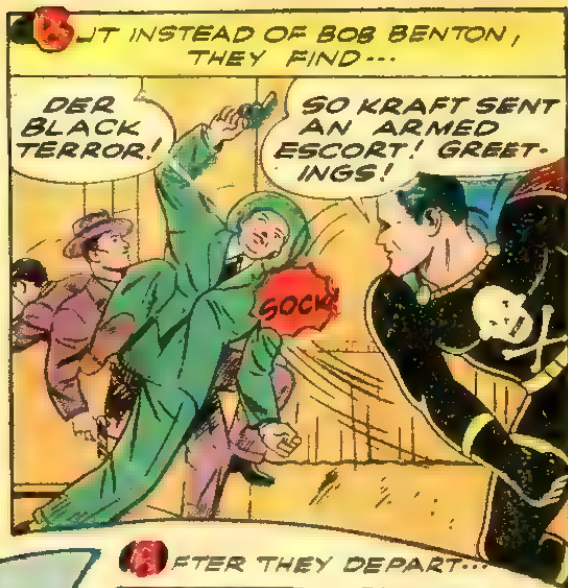
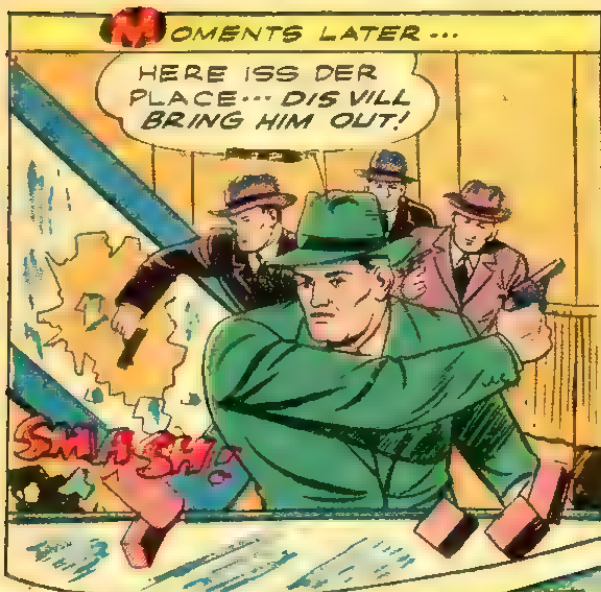
AND DO
YOUR BIT
FOR
AMERICA
BY
BUYING
WAR
BONDS.

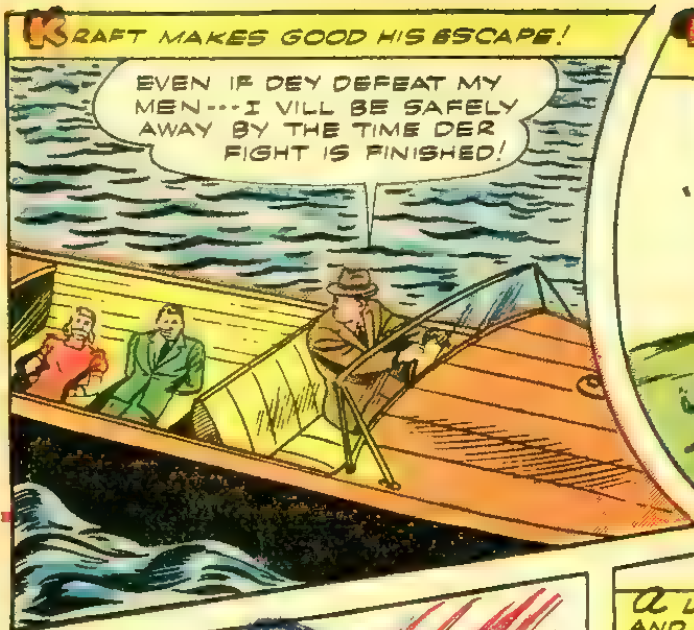


GIANT KILLER APES ON THE LOOSE, MADDENED WITH THE WILL TO KILL! A DIABOLICAL AXIS PLOT, AIMED AT THE VERY HEART OF THE ALLIED CAUSE! BUT THE NAZIS FORGOT TO RECKON WITH THE MIGHTY **BLACK TERROR**, FIGHTING DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY! WATCH YOUNG, MECK BOB BENTON ASSUME HIS BATTLING ROLE---AND CRASH THROUGH TO BLAZING VICTORY!



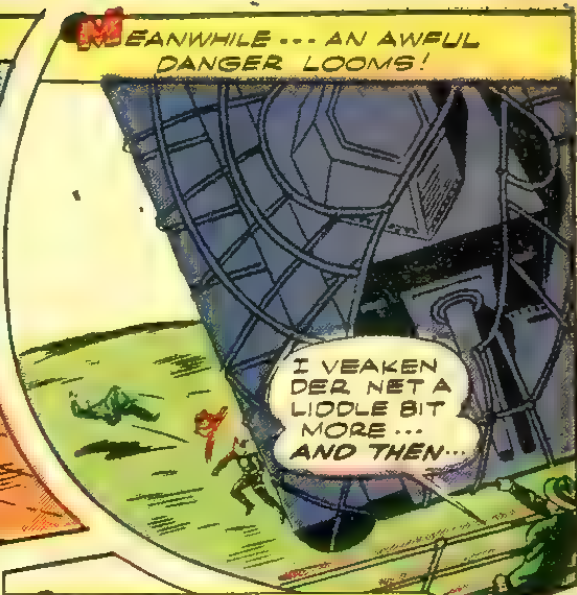






KRAFT MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE!

EVEN IF DEY DEFEAT MY MEN...I VILL BE SAFELY AWAY BY THE TIME DER FIGHT IS FINISHED!



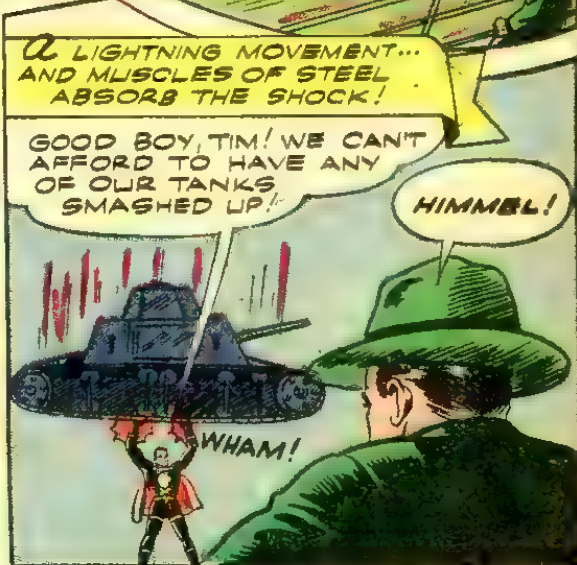
MEANWHILE... AN AWFUL DANGER LOOMS!

I VEAKEN DER NET A LIDDLE BIT MORE... AND THEN...



TERROR... LOOK OUT!

WHAT...

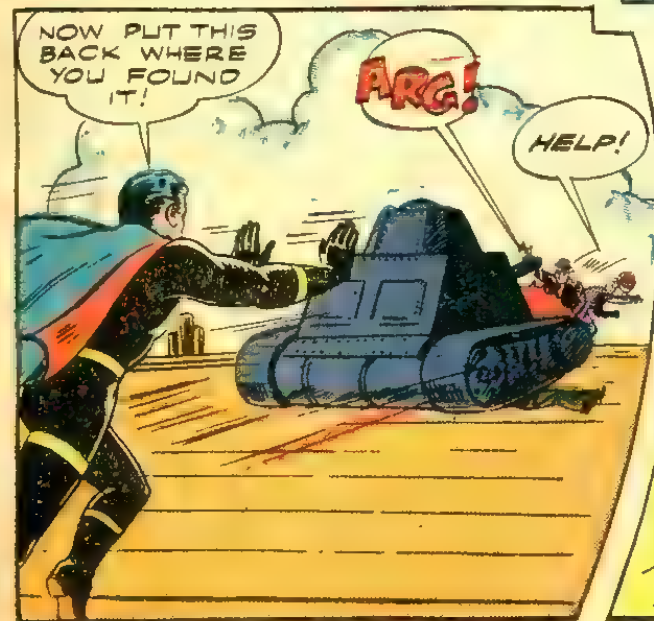


A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT... AND MUSCLES OF STEEL ABSORB THE SHOCK!

GOOD BOY, TIM! WE CANT AFFORD TO HAVE ANY OF OUR TANKS SMASHED UP!

HIMMEL!

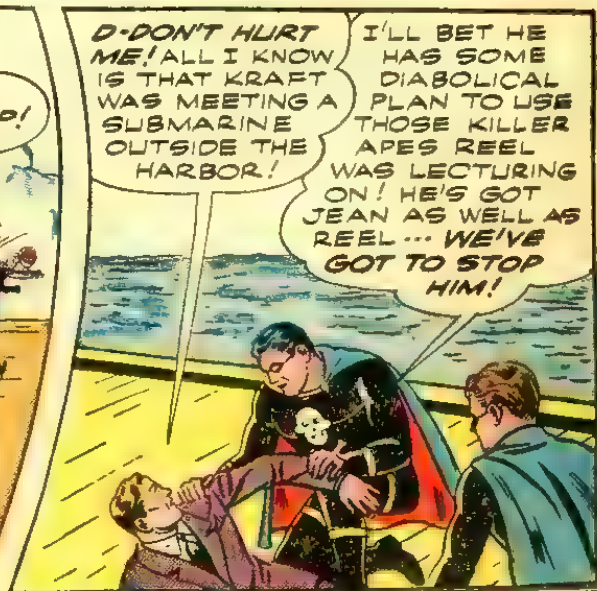
WHAM!



NOW PUT THIS BACK WHERE YOU FOUND IT!

ARG!

HELP!



D-DON'T HURT ME! ALL I KNOW IS THAT KRAFT WAS MEETING A SUBMARINE OUTSIDE THE HARBOR!

I'LL BET HE HAS SOME DIABOLICAL PLAN TO USE THOSE KILLER APES REEL WAS LECTURING ON! HE'S GOT JEAN AS WELL AS REEL... WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

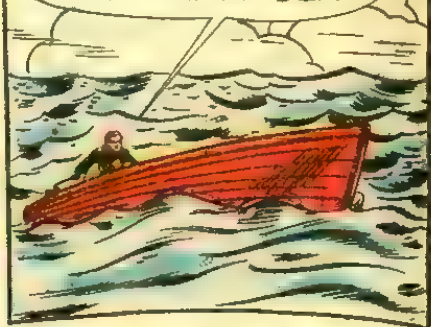
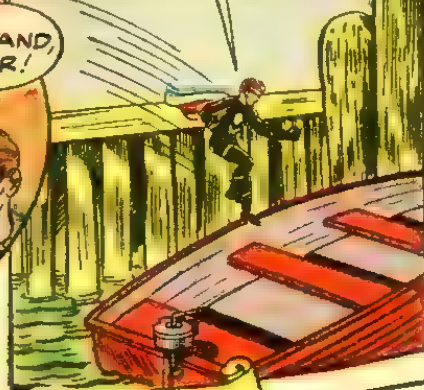
I'VE GOT TO GET TO AFRICA, TIM---I'M SURE THE ARMY WILL FLY ME THERE! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY BEHIND THIS TRIP!

I UNDERSTAND, TERROR!

But AS SOON AS HE'S ALONE---

I'LL GET TO AFRICA ON MY OWN HOOK... SOMEHOW!

IF KRAFT TRANSFERRED TO A U-BOAT, THERE MUST BE AN EMPTY LAUNCH FLOATING AROUND OUT HERE! AND IF I CAN PICK UP A SHIP AT SEA---



NEXT DAY, AN ARMY TRANSPORT WINGS OUT OVER THE OCEAN!

SWELL FLYING WEATHER, COLONEL!

YES... BUT IT'S NOT SO SWELL FOR WHOMEVER'S IN THAT TINY BOAT DOWN THERE!



THE BLACK TERROR'S KEEN EYES SPAN THE DISTANCE!

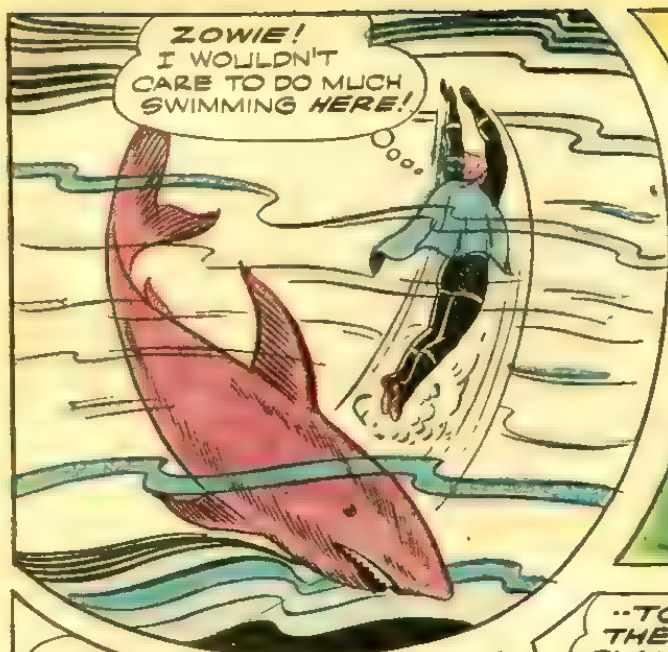
BUT WHAT GOOD WILL CIRCLING DO?

JUST GET DOWN TO ABOUT 50 FEET! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!

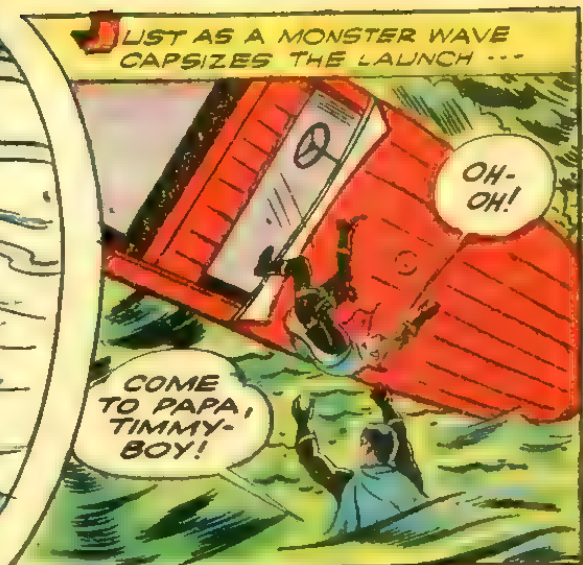


Into THE ICY BRINE!





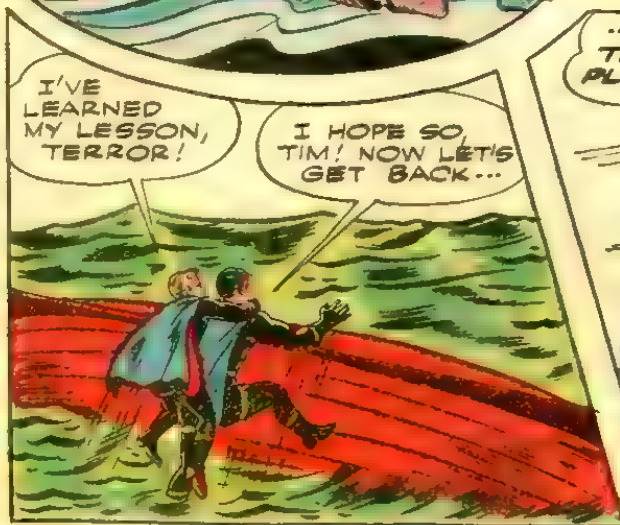
ZOWIE!
I WOULDN'T
CARE TO DO MUCH
SWIMMING HERE!



JUST AS A MONSTER WAVE
CAPSIZES THE LAUNCH ---

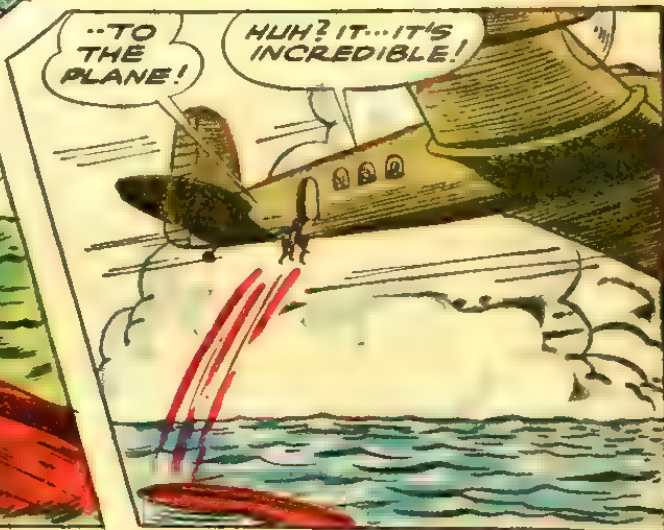
OH-
OH!

COME
TO PAPA,
TIMMY-
BOY!



I'VE
LEARNED
MY LESSON,
TERROR!

I HOPE SO,
TIM! NOW LET'S
GET BACK...



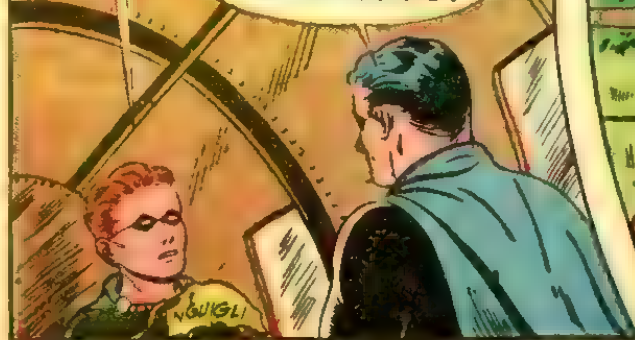
--TO
THE
PLANE!

HUH? IT... IT'S
INCREDIBLE!

AS THE PLANE SPEEDS ONCE MORE
TOWARD AFRICA...

I FOUND
THIS IN THE
LAUNCH! I
THINK IT'S
JEAN'S!

IT MAKES OUR JOB
ALL THE EASIER!
NGUIGLI MUST BE
THE NEAREST
TOWN TO THE
HAUNTS OF THE
KILLER APES!



AFRICA...AND AN ARMY AIR
FORCE OUTPOST!

NGUIGLI, EH? WELL
I COULD FLY YOU
THERE... BUT I
COULDN'T RISK
A LANDING!

THAT'S
OKAY, PAL--
JUST FLY
LOW FOR
US, THAT'S
ALL!

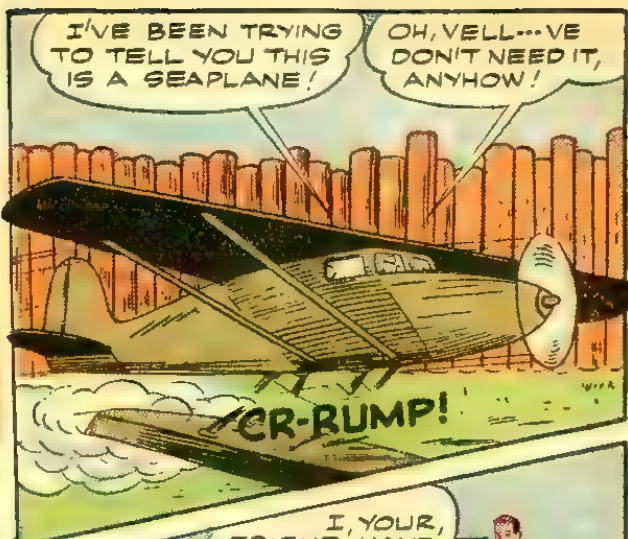
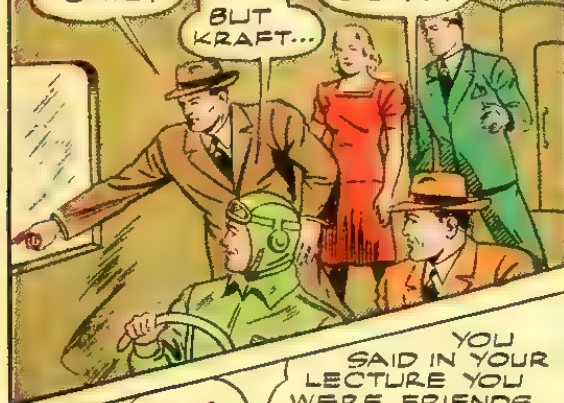


AT THAT MOMENT, A U-BOAT-LAUNCHED PLANE CIRCLES OVER NGUIGLI!

LAND NEAR DER VILLAGE GATE!

DON'T ARGUE MIT DER BOSS... DO IT!

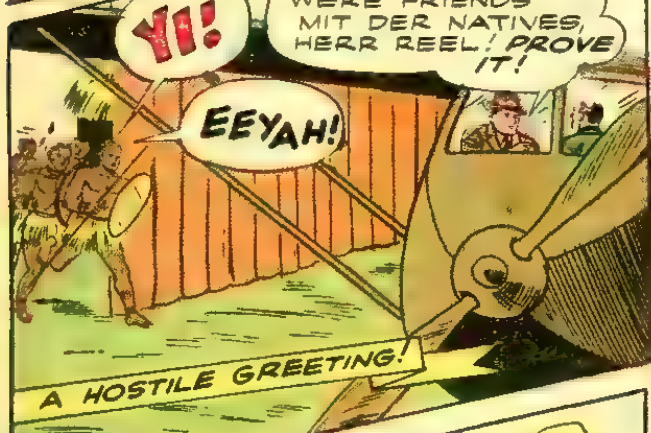
BUT KRAFT...



I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU THIS IS A SEAPLANE!

OH, VELL...VE DON'T NEED IT, ANYHOW!

CR-BUMP!



YI!

EYAH!

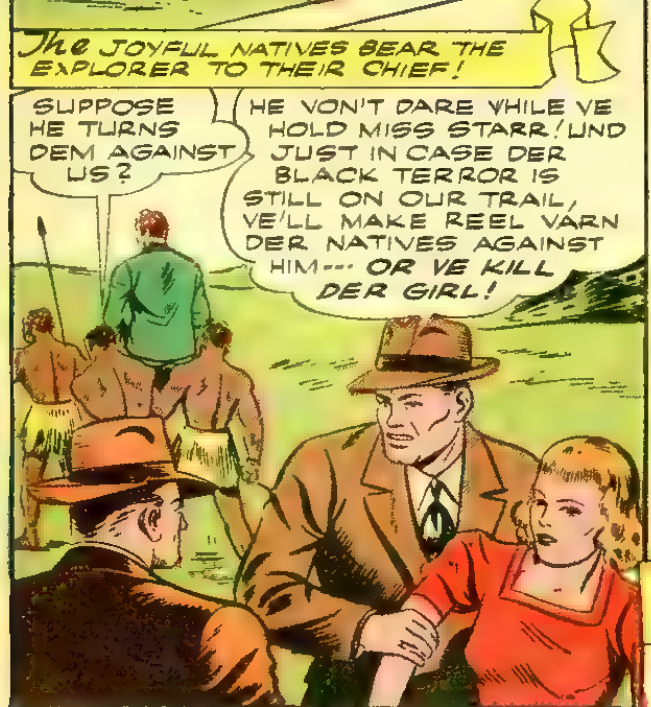
YOU SAID IN YOUR LECTURE YOU WERE FRIENDS MIT DER NATIVES, HERR REEL! PROVE IT!

A HOSTILE GREETING!



I, YOUR, FRIEND, HAVE RETURNED! UNGALI! LO!

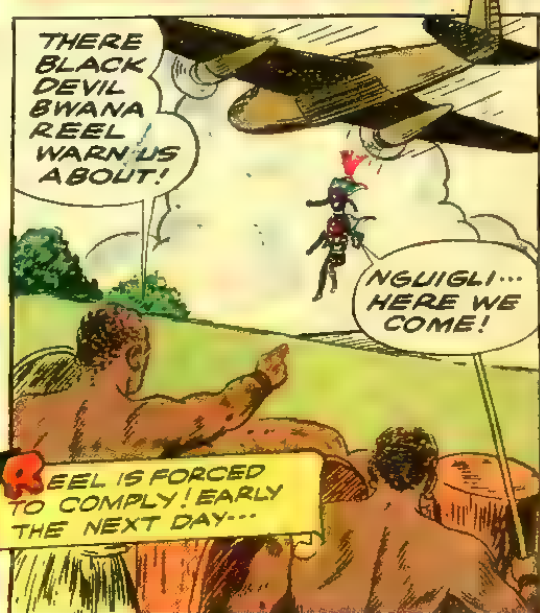
BWANA REEL! BWANA REEL!



The JOYFUL NATIVES BEAR THE EXPLORER TO THEIR CHIEF!

SUPPOSE HE TURNS DEM AGAINST US?

HE VON'T DARE WHILE VE HOLD MISS STARR! UND JUST IN CASE DER BLACK TERROR IS STILL ON OUR TRAIL, VE'LL MAKE REEL VARN DER NATIVES AGAINST HIM... OR VE KILL DER GIRL!



THERE BLACK DEVIL BWANA REEL WARN US ABOUT!

NGUIGLI... HERE WE COME!

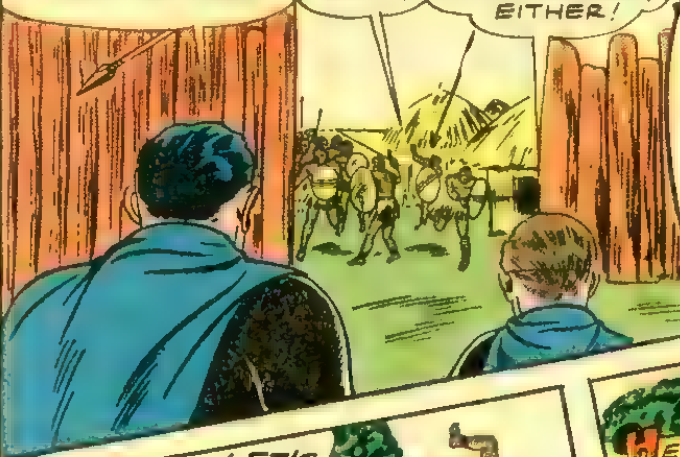
REEL IS FORCED TO COMPLY! EARLY THE NEXT DAY...

THE HOWLING HORDE SWEEPS TOWARD THE BLACK TERROR!

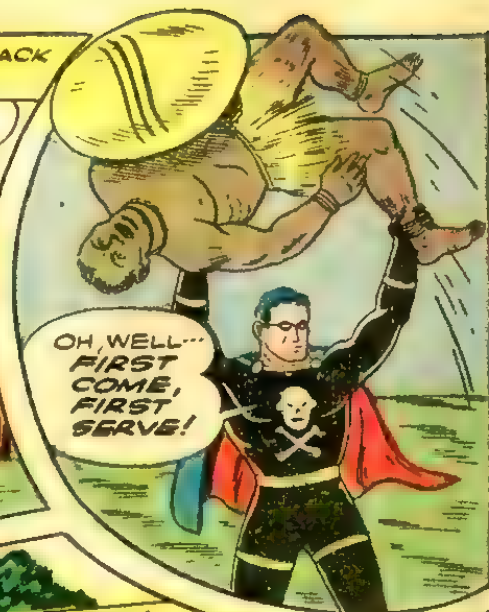
I HAVE A SNEAKING HUNCH WE WERE EXPECTED HERE!

KILL!
KILL!

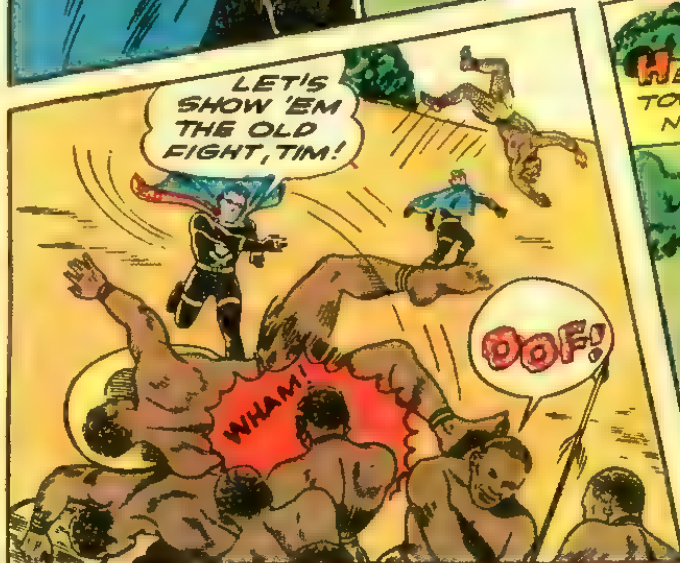
AND THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE PANTYWAISTS, EITHER!



OH, WELL...
FIRST
COME,
FIRST
SERVE!



LET'S
SHOW 'EM
THE OLD
FIGHT, TIM!

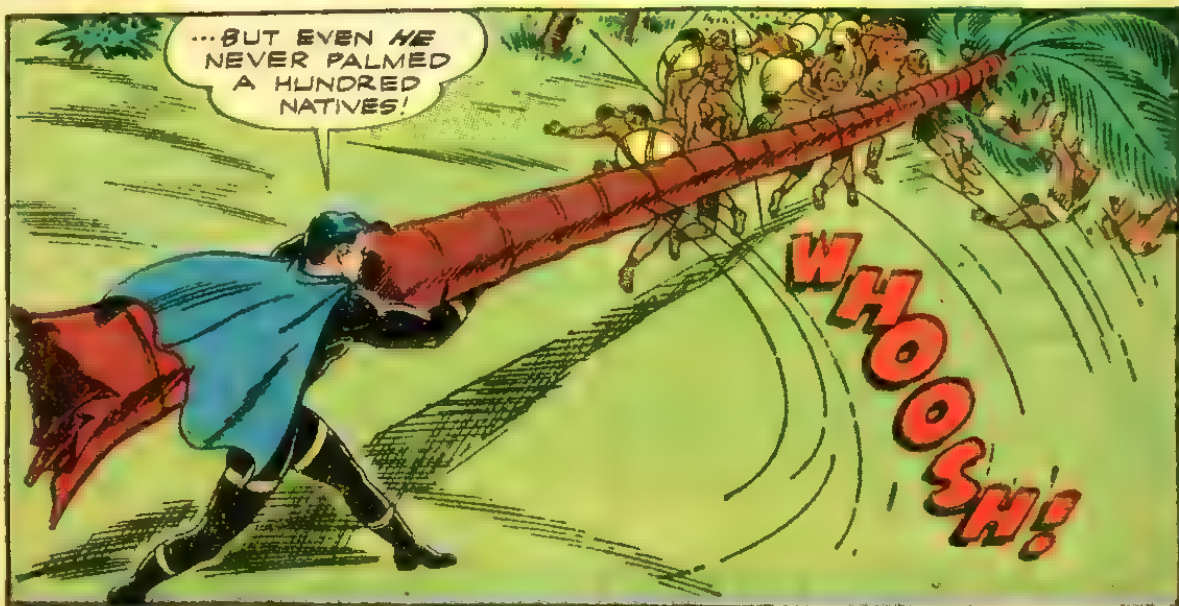


HE SEIZES A
TOWERING COCO-
NUT PALM!

HOUDINI
WAS A
PRETTY
GOOD
MAGICIAN...



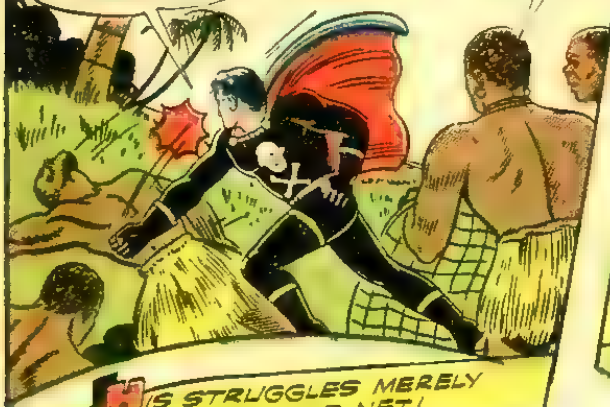
...BUT EVEN HE
NEVER PALMED
A HUNDRED
NATIVES!



BUT THE FANATICAL NATIVES REFUSE TO GIVE UP!

YOU FELLAS DON'T UNDERSTAND... WE WANT TO BE FRIENDS!

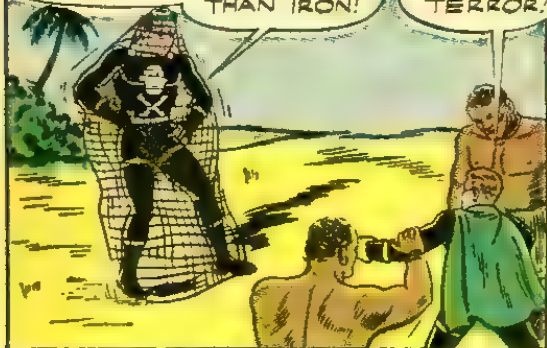
THIS STOP BLACK DEVIL!



HIS STRUGGLES MERELY TIGHTEN THE NET!

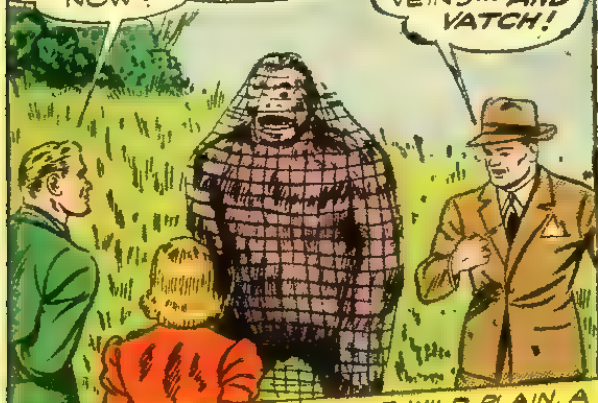
IT...IT'S MADE OF SOME SUBSTANCE TEN TIMES STRONGER THAN IRON!

TH- THEY'VE GOT ME, TOO, TERROR!

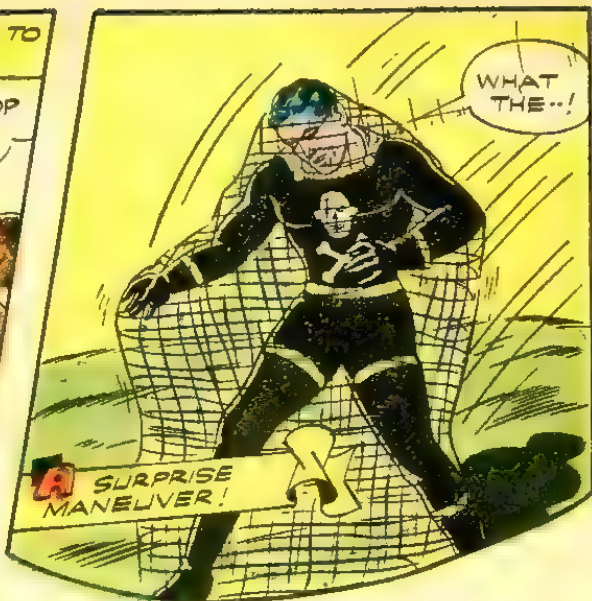


YOU'VE FORCED ME TO REMAIN YOUR CAPTIVE AND LEAD YOU TO THE KILLER APES BY THREATENING MISS STARR! WHAT NOW?

VE NAZIS HAF INVENTED A GREAT HYPNOTIC SERUM! I'LL INJECT IT INTO HIS VEINS... AND WATCH!



MEANWHILE, OUT ON THE WILD PLAIN, A SIMILAR NET BRINGS A DIFFERENT QUARRY!



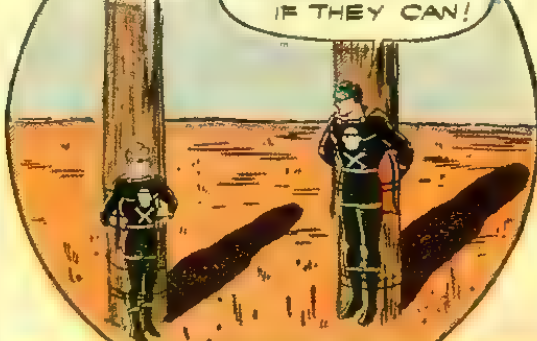
WHAT THE--!

A SURPRISE MANEUVER!

WITHIN THE VILLAGE...

WHAT NOW?

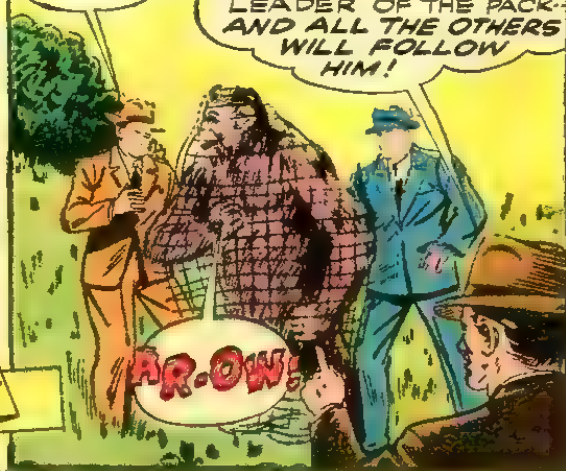
I GUESS THEY'RE GOING TO EXECUTE US... IF THEY CAN!



AS THE STRANGE SERUM TAKES EFFECT...

TAKE THE NET OFF? BUT...

HA, HA! DIS APE VILL NOW DO PRECISELY AS I ORDER! HE IS LEADER OF THE PACK-- AND ALL THE OTHERS WILL FOLLOW HIM!



THE DIABOLICAL NAZI FORMS A REGIMENT OF KILLER APES!

YOU SEE? NOW I ARM THEM AND TURN THEM LOOSE AGAINST ALLIED OUTPOSTS ALL OVER NORTH AFRICA!

NO! IT...IT'S INHUMAN!



NATIVE RUNNER ARRIVES!

BWANA... BLACK DEVIL IN VILLAGE....

HA-HA! YOU FOOLS HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE! NOW I'LL TURN MY REGIMENT LOOSE ON THE VILLAGE, AND HAVE THEM DESTROY IT AND THE BLACK TERROR AS WELL!



THE APES ATTACK... WITH MACHINE-GUNS!

YII-I!

ARG!

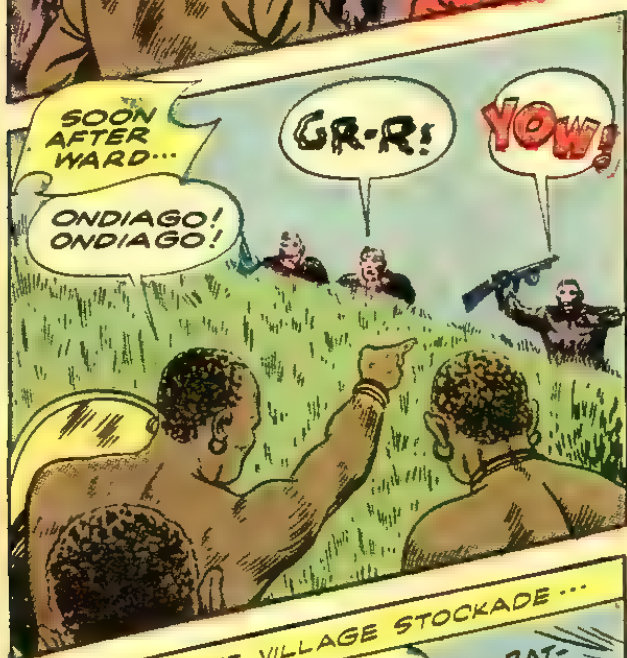


SOON AFTER WARD...

GR-R!

YOW!

ONDIAGO! ONDIAGO!

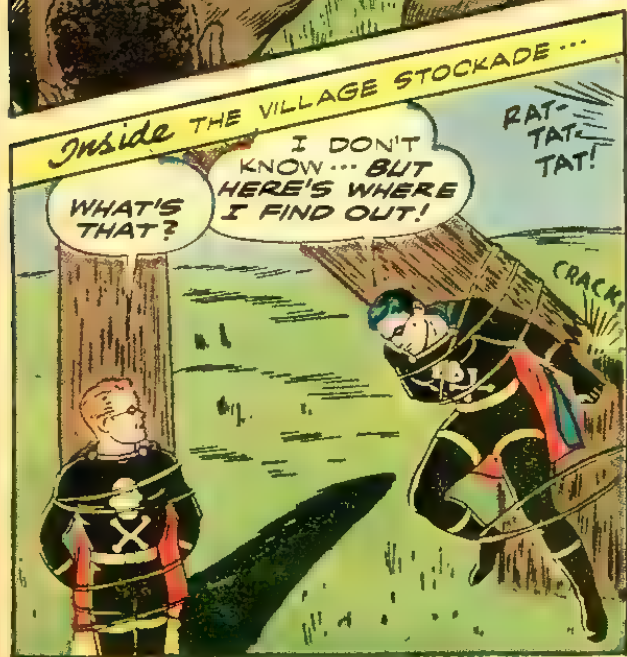


Inside THE VILLAGE STOCKADE...

WHAT'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW... BUT HERE'S WHERE I FIND OUT!

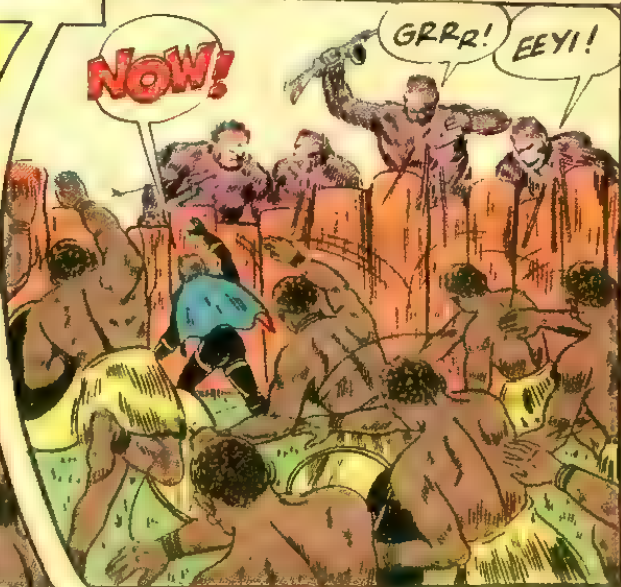
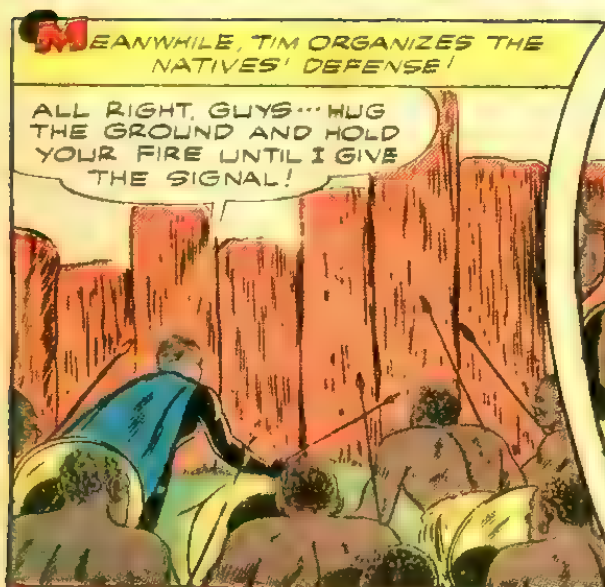
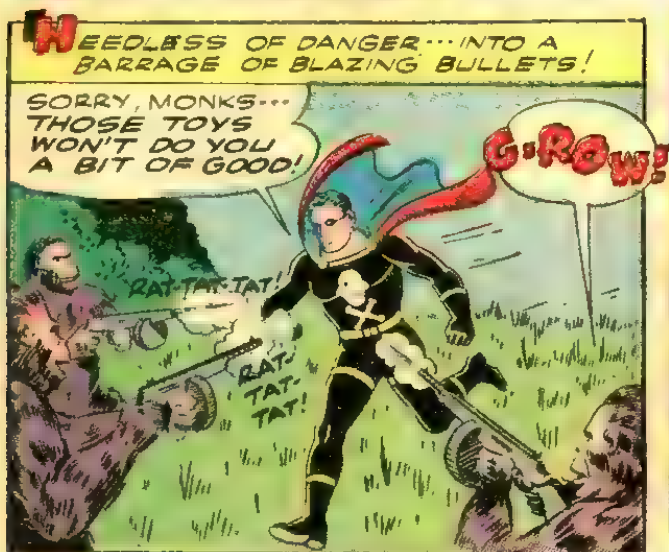
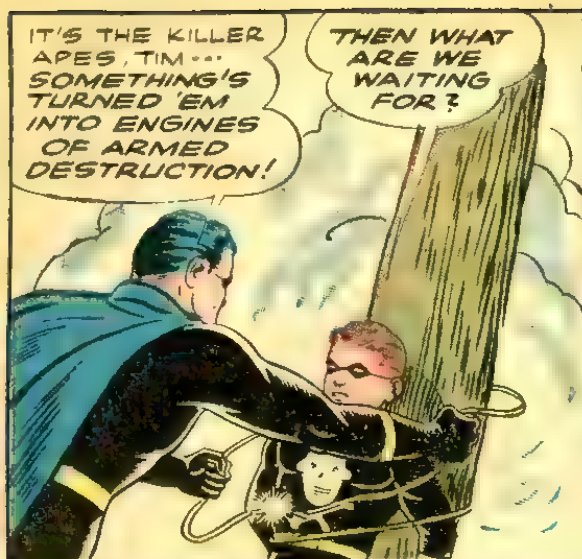
RAT-TAT-TAT!



NOT SO FAST, MONKEY-FACE!

HO...BLACK DEVIL FRIEND, NOT ENEMY!





THE KILLERS CONVERGE ON THE BLACK TERROR!



mighty muscles CONTRACT!



BOB GOES INTO ACTION ... AND THE TERRIFIED APES FIRE THEIR MACHINE-GUNS WILDLY!



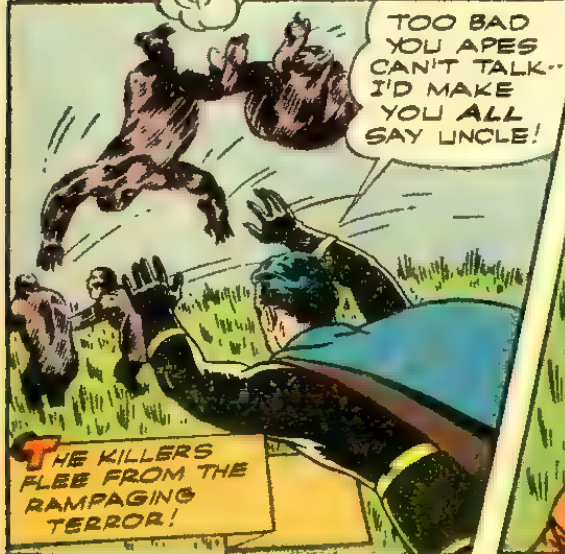
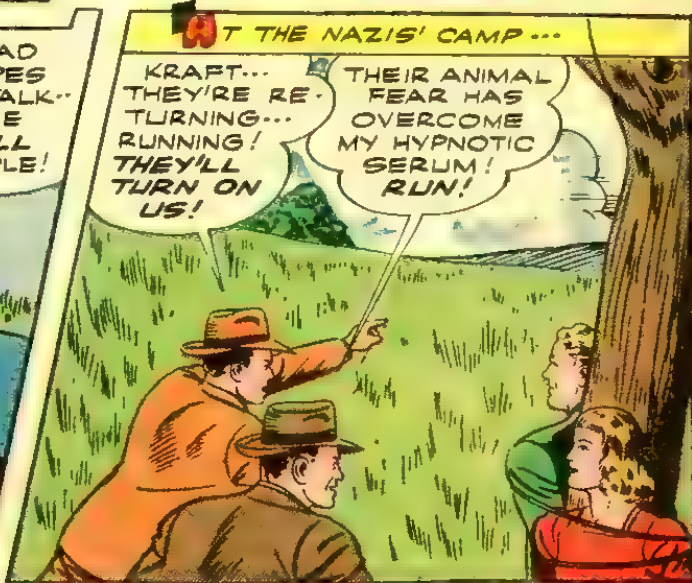
RANDOM BULLETS DECIMATE THEIR OWN RANKS!



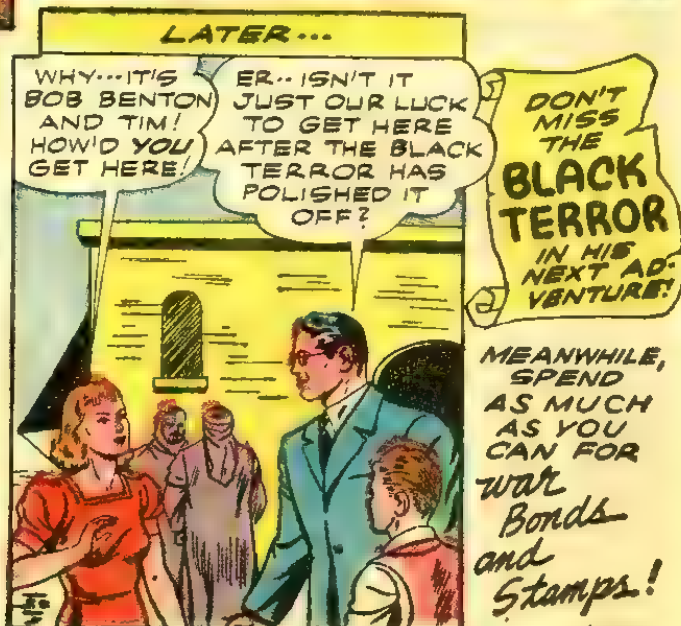
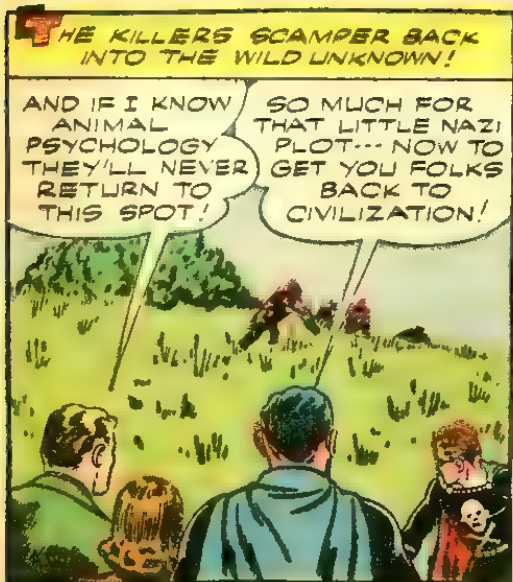
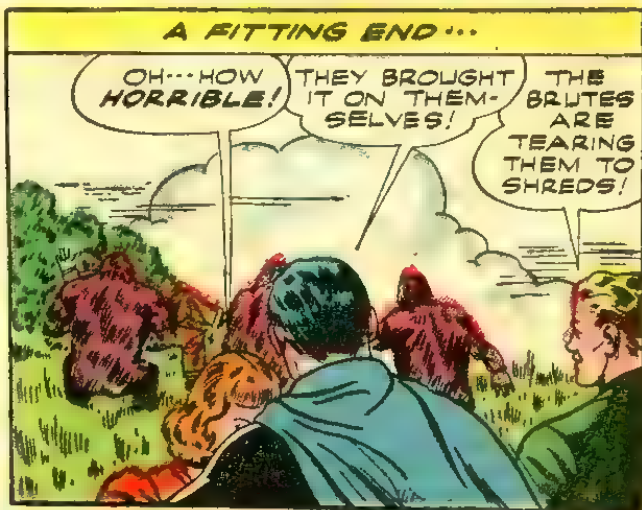
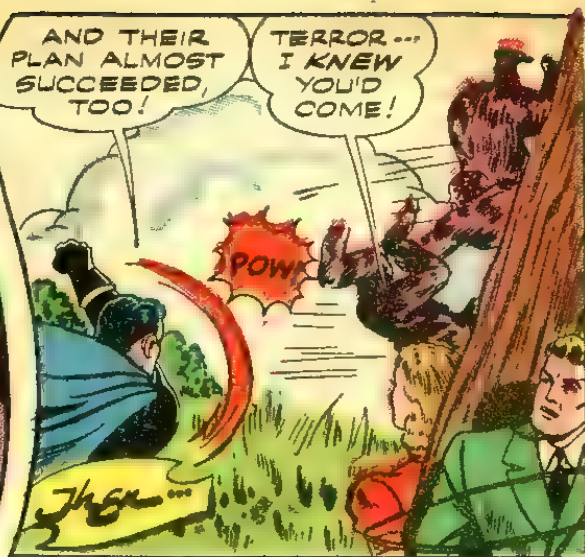
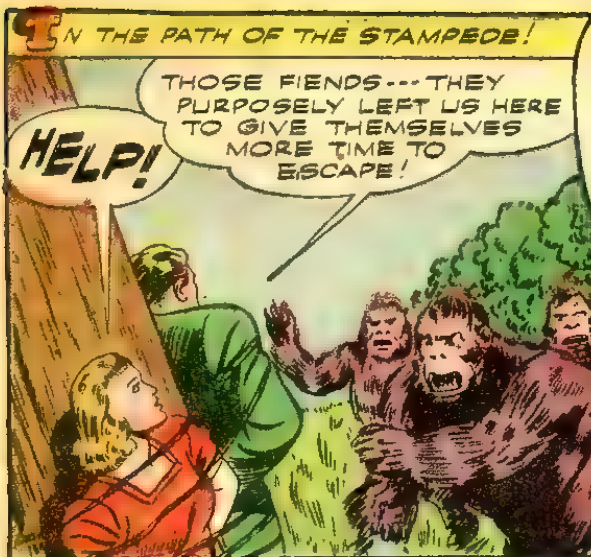
AT THE NAZIS' CAMP ...

KRAFT...
THEY'RE RE-
TURNING...
RUNNING!
THEY'LL
TURN ON
US!

THEIR ANIMAL
FEAR HAS
OVERCOME
MY HYPNOTIC
SERUM!
RUN!



THE KILLERS FLEE FROM THE RAMPAGING TERROR!



RATTLESNAKE TRAP

A Western Story by MICHAEL McQUILLAN



TOMMY TUCKER halted his little cowpony as he heard the sinister rattle coming from beside the trail. As he saw the big rattlesnake coiled ready to strike the boy drew his .38 caliber gun out of the holster and fired. Tommy was a good shot and his bullet tore the head off the rattler.

"That shore was a big snake," murmured Tommy. "And looked right mean, too!"

He swung out of the saddle, groundhitched his pony, and went to the snake that was still twisting around a little even though dead. He drew out his knife and cut off the snake's rattles, for he wanted to keep them as a souvenir.

He stuck them into a pocket of his leather chaps, then picked up the reins and climbed back into the saddle.

He rode on along the trail and turned his pony in among some big boulders as he heard hoofbeats. He thought some of the waddies from his father's ranch might be coming in his direction, and wanted to surprise them by appearing suddenly.

He peered around the rock as the riders came closer. There was a big rough-looking man whom Tommy had never seen before, riding in the lead. Behind him came another rider. Tommy gasped as he got a good look at the second horseman.

It was his father—and John Tucker's arms were tied behind his back and there was a gag in his mouth. The rough-looking man was leading John Tucker's horse.

"Reckon I'll collect a heap of money when they pay off a ransom on you," said the big rough-looking man.

Tommy reached for his gun but decided against covering the kidnaper. After all he was just a boy and the big man looked dangerous. Tommy felt that he would not do his father a bit of good by being shot!

The kidnaper and his prisoner rode on. Tommy followed, carefully keeping out of sight all the way. Finally the two men reached an old line camp cabin. The kidnaper took his prisoner inside. It was growing dark.

"I've got to find some way to save Dad," muttered Tommy as he hid his cowpony back in the bush and sneaked up to the cabin on foot. "But I don't know how."

NIGHT descended. An idea struck Tommy. He went to his pony and got his lariat off the saddle. Then he crept back to the cabin. He had discovered that there was an open window in the back of the shack and two windows and a door at the front. Tommy fastened the rattles he had taken from the snake to the end of the lariat and then ran the rope around from the front of the cabin to the back.

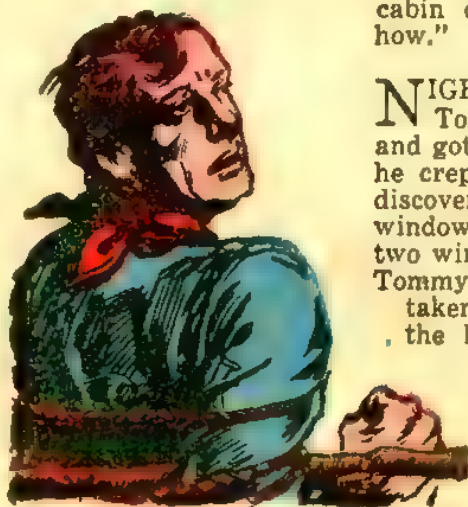
He waited his chance and then pulled on the rope gently. It moved the rattles so that they made a noise. The kidnaper

heard it immediately.

"Snake outside," he said. "I better get that sidewinder!"

He went out the door, and began looking for the snake. Tommy pulled the rattles around to the end of the cabin, then dropped the rope, climbed in through the back window and swiftly cut the ropes that bound his father. Tommy gave his father his gun as soon as John Tucker was free.

"Got you," snapped Tucker as he covered the kidnaper with the gun when the man stepped back into the cabin. "Looks like my son has helped me catch the only real rattlesnake around here! Tie him up, Tommy."



Tommy Tucker Sets a Rattlesnake to Catch a Rattlesnake!

THE BLACK

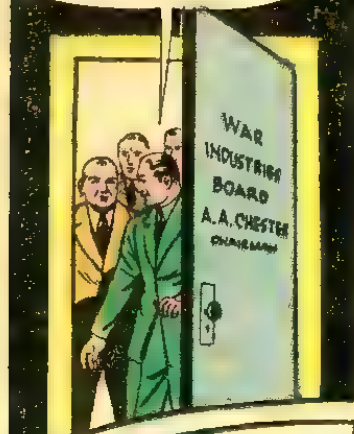
TERROR



BOB BENTON, YOUNG DRUGGIST, VISITS WARTIME LONDON AS A MEMBER OF AN AMERICAN MEDICAL MISSION! ONLY HIS YOUNG PAL AND TEAM-MATE---TIM--- KNOWS THAT BOB IS THAT SUPREME ENEMY OF FASCISM AND ALL ITS CRIMINAL WORKS---THE BLACK TERROR! FOLLOW HIS LATEST ADVENTURES IN A HAIR-BREADTH, ACTION-JAMMED TALE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

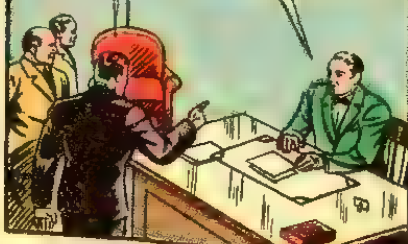
LONDON...

COME, GENTLEMEN...
WE'LL SEE WHAT THE
NEW CHAIRMAN HAS
TO SAY ABOUT IT!



SEE HERE,
CHESTER...
WHAT'S BEING
DONE ABOUT
THE "BROWN
HOOD" GANG?
THEY'VE
SABOTAGED
HALF OUR
WAR PLANTS!
WE WANT
ACTION!

GENTLEMEN,
ALTHOUGH
I'M A NEW-
COMER TO
YOUR MIDST
I HAVE YOUR
INTERESTS
DEEPLY AT
HEART! I'M
ARRANGING
AN INTERVIEW
WITH SCOTLAND
YARD TOMORROW!



BOB BENTON WALKS
DOWN THE HALL OF THE
SAME BUILDING...

GEE, THE NEWS THAT
JEAN IS IN LONDON
MADE ME FORGET
THE NUMBER OF OUR
NEW OFFICE! MAYBE
THIS IS IT!



THAT
LAST JOB
WAS A
KEEN ONE,
EH, 'ARRY?

THAT IT WAS!
BUT TONIGHT...
AHA! THE
BIGGEST
SHIPYARD IN
LIVERPOOL!

ER... I
BEG
YOUR
PARDON!



THE BLOKE
WAS BAYES-
DROPPIN',
'ARRY!

OH,
'E WAS,
WAS 'E?

WAIT
A MINUTE,
FELLAS...
I...



THIS IS 'OW
WE TREATS
BAYESDROPPERS!

P'RAPS
WE'D
BEST
SHOOT
THE
SNOOPER!

THIS IS
GETTING
SERIOUS!



LET'S NOT
HAVE ANY
SHOOTING
TODAY... I'M
NOT QUITE
UP TO IT!





'ERE'S TO
YOUR 'EALTH,
'ARRY!

GLUG!

SOK!



STRANGE FELLOWS...
ITINERANT WAR WORKERS,
I SUPPOSE -- JEALOUS
OF THEIR JOB
SECRETS!

THAT NIGHT...
A SECRET
HIDEOUT...A
SECRET
MEETING...

YOU ALL
KNOW HOW
THE BROWN
HOODS ORIGINATED
--- HOW WE SACKED THE
BOMBED BUILDINGS OF
LONDON FOR THEIR RICHES
WHEN THE NAZI LUFTWAFFE
WAS IN FULL SWAY! THE
NAZIS PAY US WELL FOR
SABOTAGE NOW THAT BOMB-
ING HAS FALLEN OFF --- AND
TONIGHT WE DO OUR
**BIGGEST
JOB!**



BUT FIRST
WE HAVE A PROBLEM!
GEORGE AND HARRY
WERE OVERHEARD DIS-
CUSSING BUSINESS!
THE SNOOPER WAS
BENTON, AN
AMERICAN!...



... SO HIS DIGS
WILL BE OUR FIRST
STOP! WE GO!



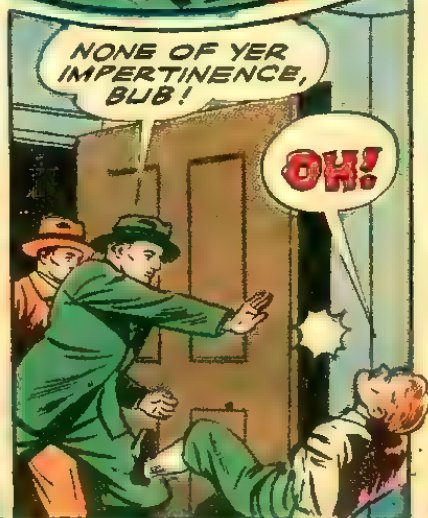
AT BOB'S MAYFAIR
FLAT...

WHERE'S
BOB
BENTON?

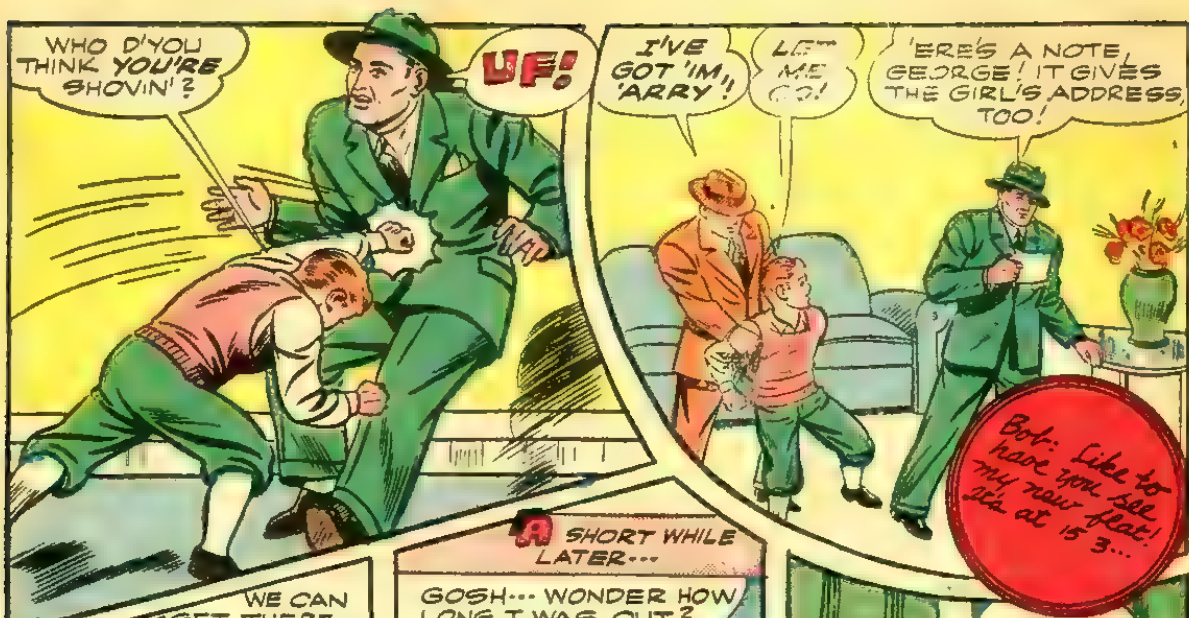
HE'S GONE
TO SEE HIS
GIRL FR...
SAY, WHO
ARE YOU,
ANYHOW?



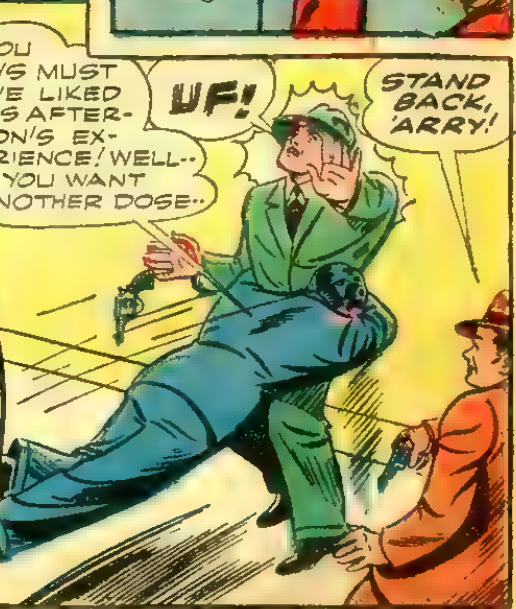
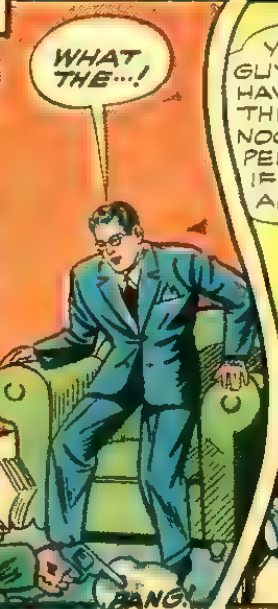
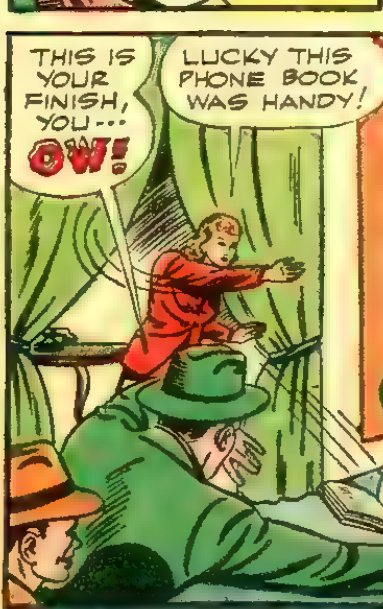
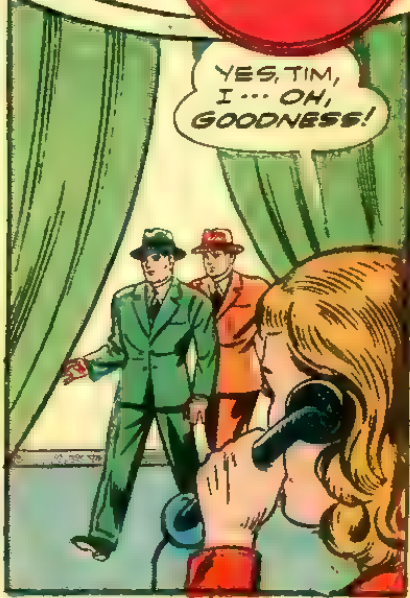
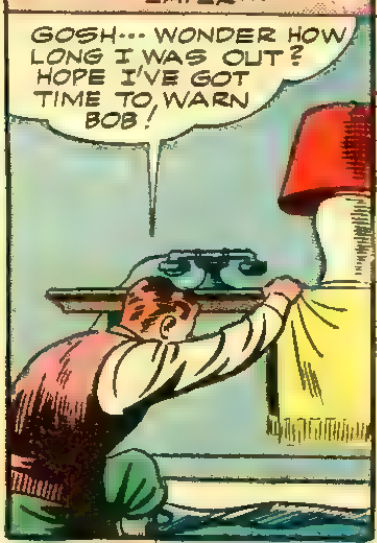
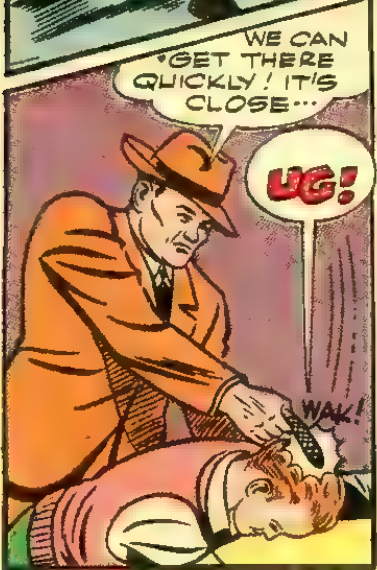
NONE OF YER
IMPERTINENCE,
BUB!



OH!

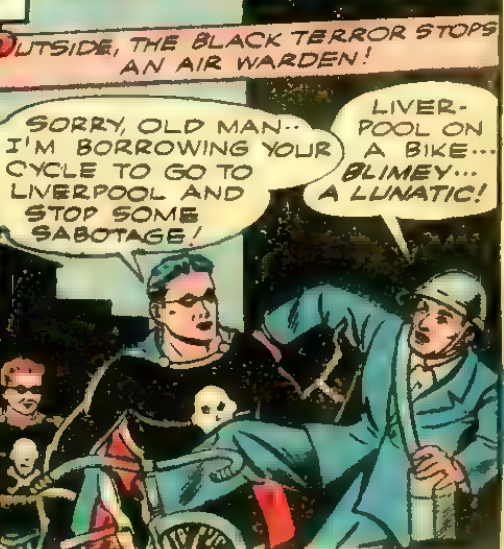
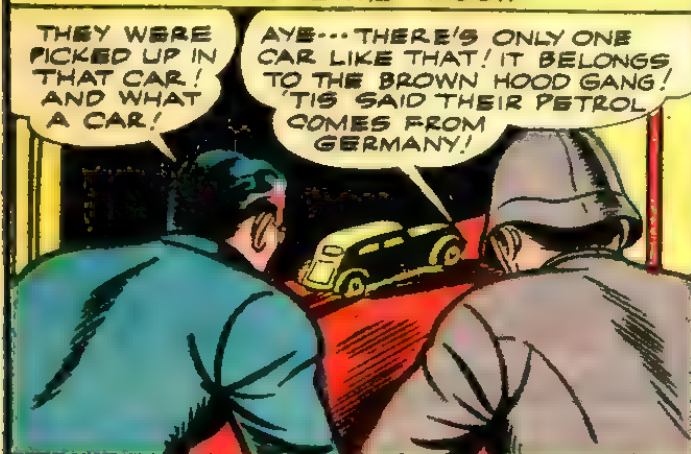


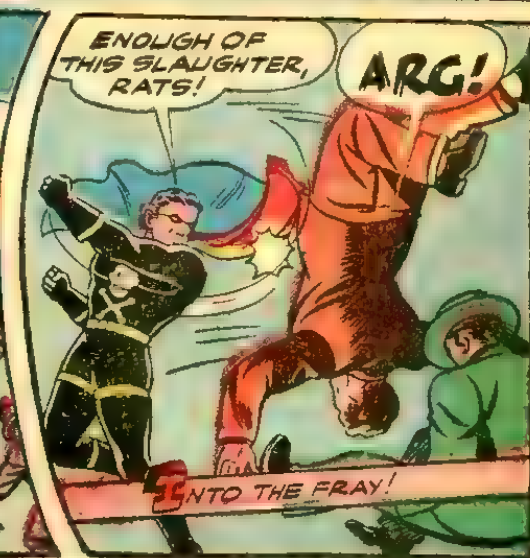
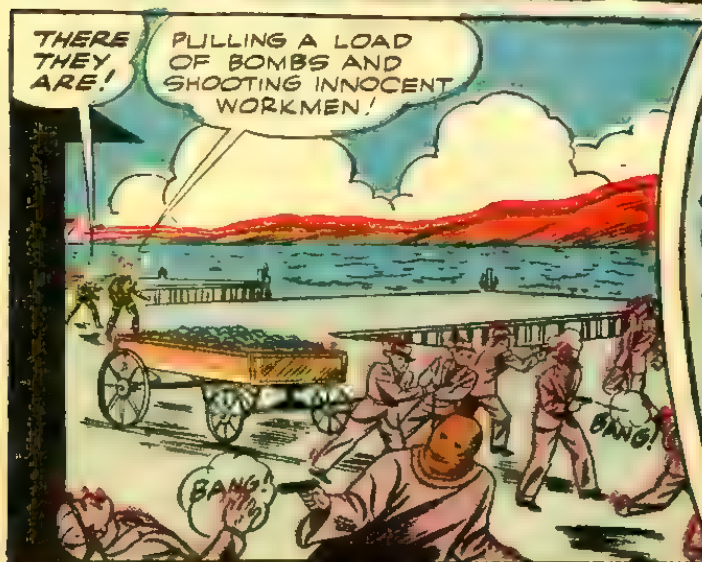
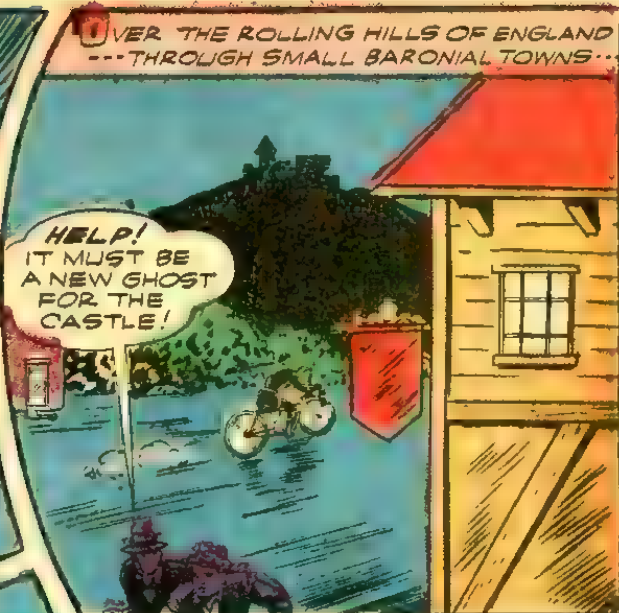
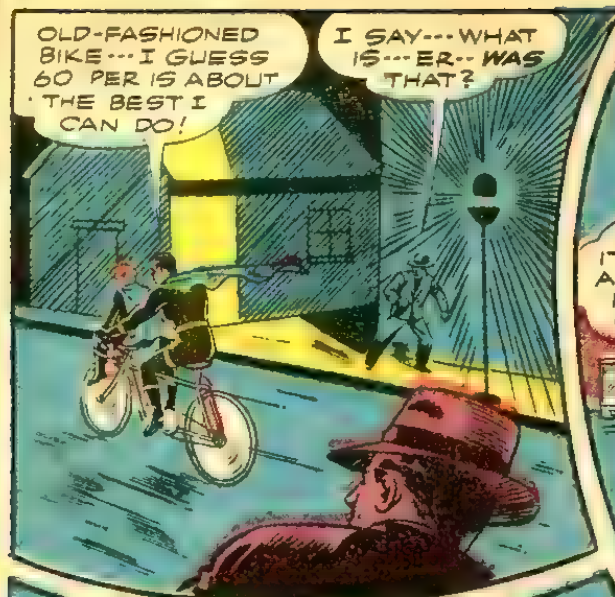
A SHORT WHILE LATER...

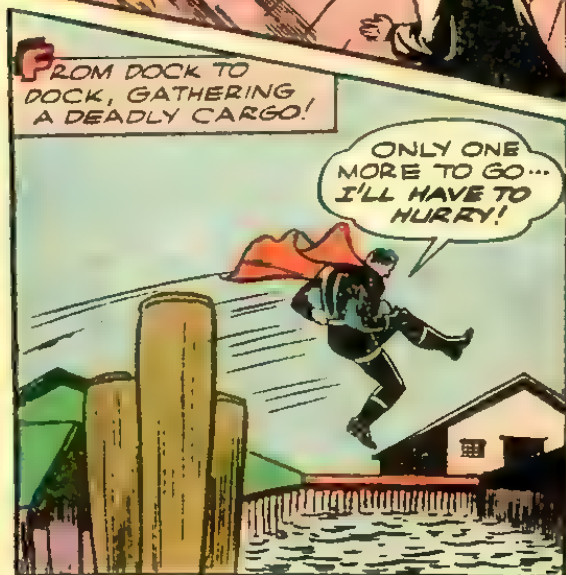
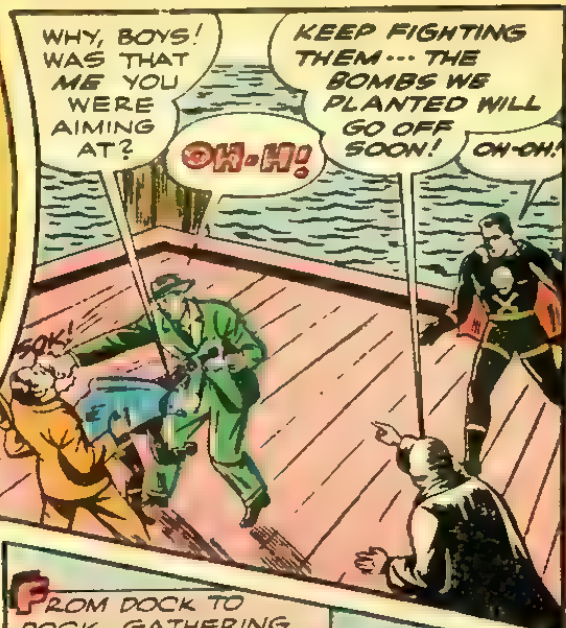


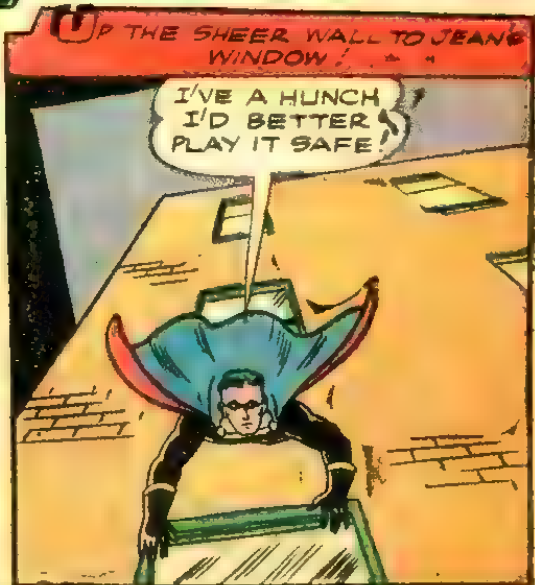
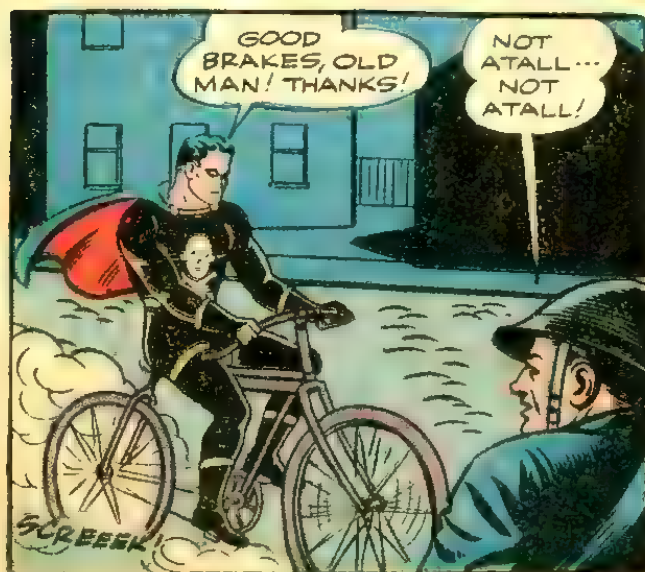
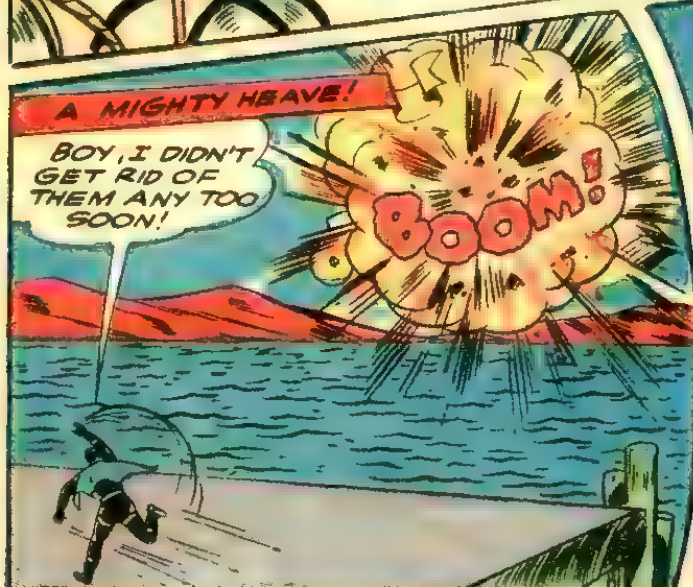
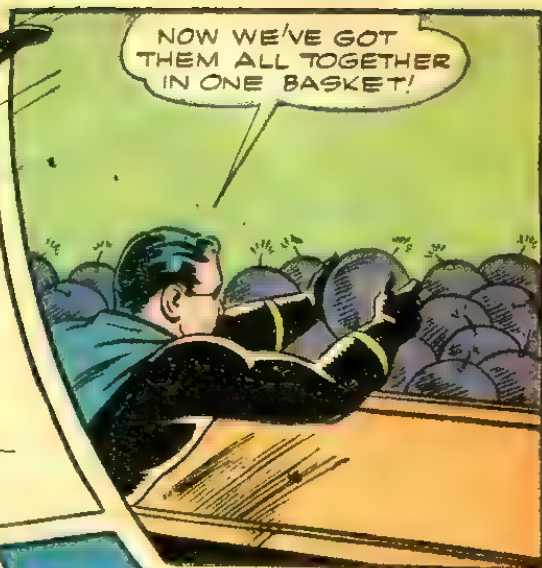


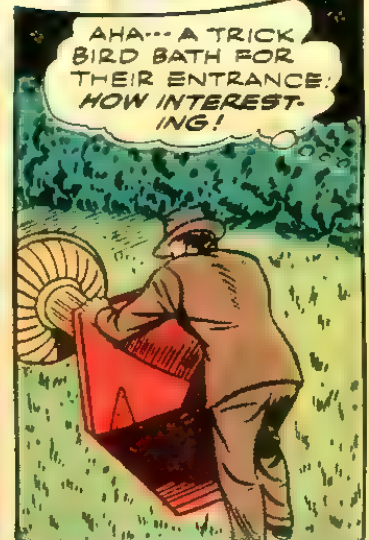
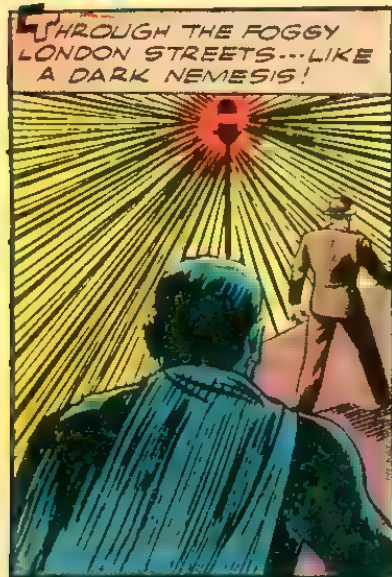
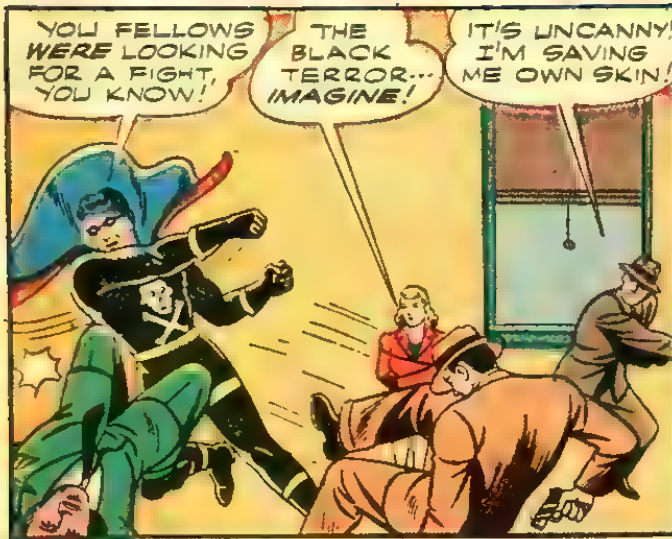
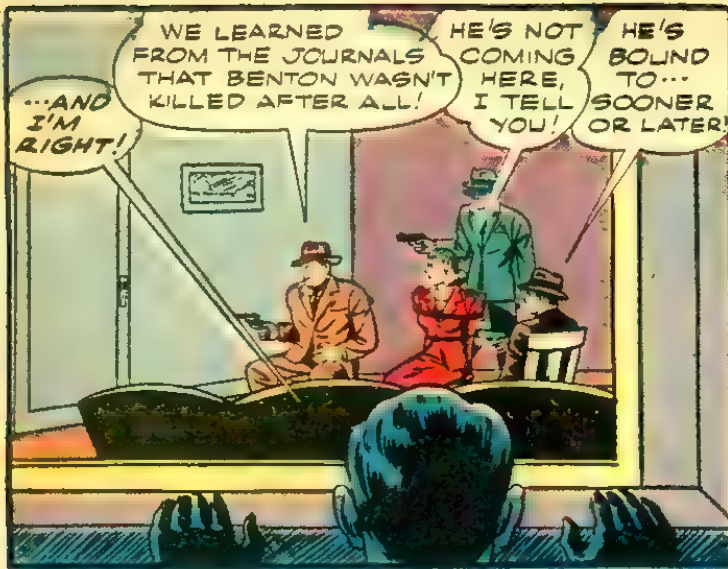
BUT, BOB HAS MERELY BEEN DAZED! AS THEY RUSH TO THE WINDOW...











MEANWHILE, AS THE BROWN HOODS
MEET IN SESSION---

ONCE MORE,
BRAT---WHERE
CAN WE FIND
THE BLACK
TERROR, SO
WE CAN DESTROY
HIM?

THAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM,
RAT! I'LL
NEVER
TELL!

GIVE
HIM
THE
FIRE!

A DIABOLICAL TORTURE!

YOU'LL ESCAPE THE FLAMES FOR
A WHILE THAT WAY--- BUT SOON
YOU WILL TIRE, AND GRADUALLY
SLIP DOWN--- UNLESS
YOU DECIDE
TO TALK!

NO!
NEVER!

WELL, HAVE
YOU DISPOSED
OF BENTON
AND THE
GIRL?

NO... INSTEAD OF
BENTON THE
BLACK TERROR
APPEARED!
HE THRASHED US
ALL, BUT I MANAGED
TO ESCAPE AND
CAME STRAIGHT
HERE!

**A SMASHING ENTRY
CLITS SHORT HIS WORDS!**

FOR
WHICH
I THANK
YOU!

TERROR!
HELP!

YOU FOOL!
YOU'VE
LED HIM
HERE!

I'VE GOT YOU, PAL! I'LL
GET RID OF THIS FIRE
IN A HURRY!

LOOK
OUT!

3 S BOB BENDS TO UNMASK THE
HOOD...

JEAN! DON'T MOVE
WHAT... ANOTHER MUSCLE
OR I'LL SLIT HER
THROAT!

THEY
TRICKED
ME!

THE TERROR AND TIM ARE FORCED TO CAPITULATE!

THIS FIRE WILL CONSUME THE HOUSE---AND YOU WITH IT! THE GIRL WE'LL TAKE AS BAIT FOR BENTON!

OH-H... YOU BEAST!

WHILE YOU DIE---PICTURE US AT BIRMINGHAM! WE'RE DESTROYING THE BIG MUNITIONS PLANT TO MAKE UP FOR LIVERPOOL! FAREWELL!

A DESPERATE DECISION!

WE'D BURN SOONER OR LATER... MIGHT AS WELL TRY AND BURN MY BONDS FREE NOW!

AS HE GAINS HIS FEET, THE HOUSE COLLAPSES!

I'LL SHIELD YOUR BODY WITH MINE, TIM!

CRASH!
SMASH!

THE SHOCK OF THE HEAVY TIMBER BURSTS HIS WRIST BONDS!

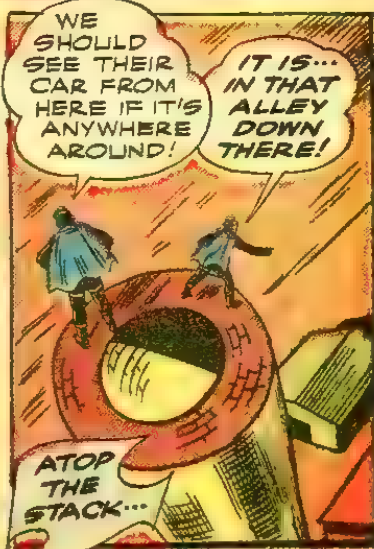
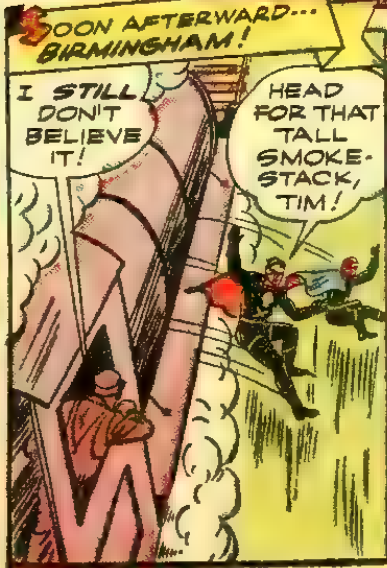
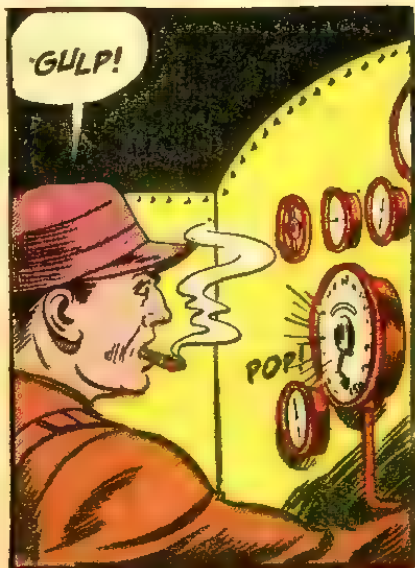
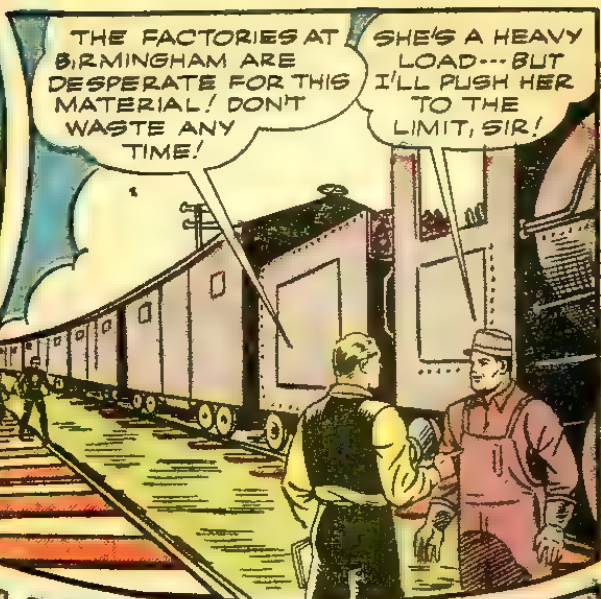
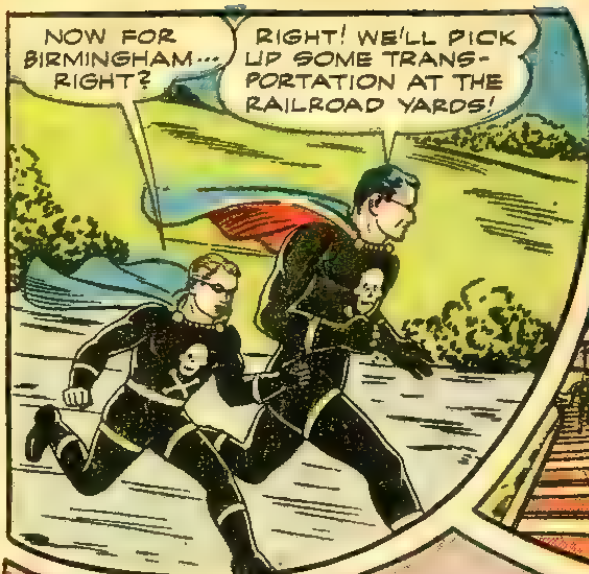
MADE IT... BUT THOSE FLAMES'LL BREAK THROUGH ANY MOMENT!

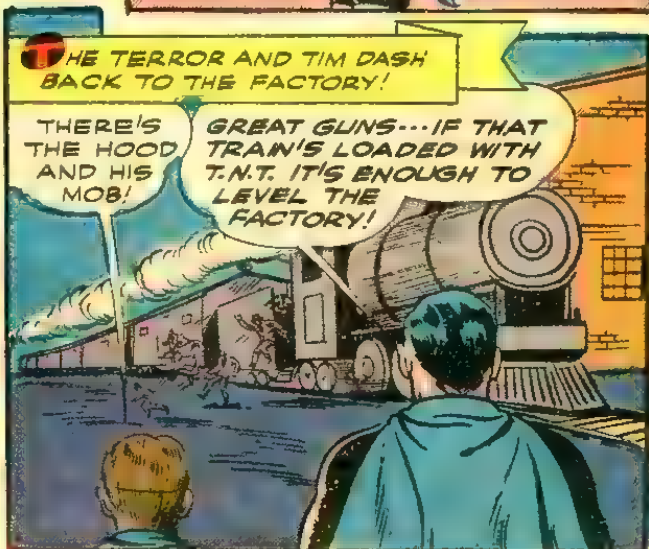
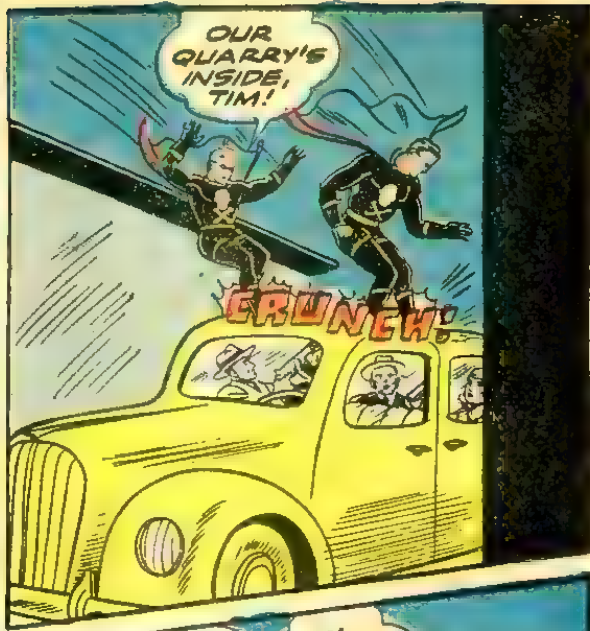
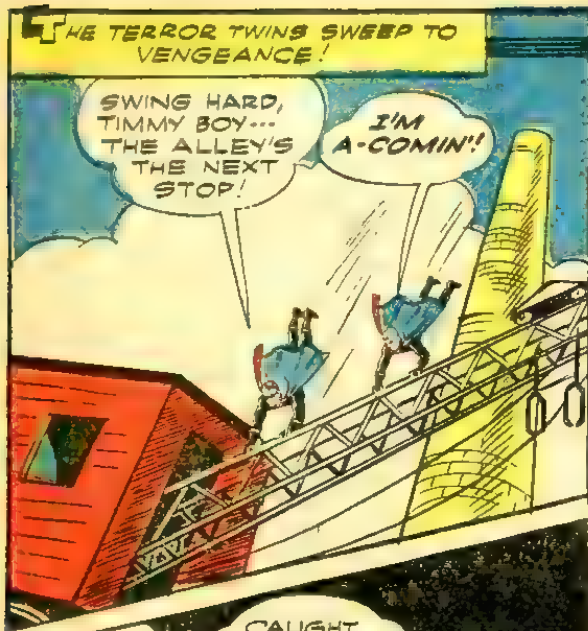
SAFETY... IN THE NICK OF TIME!

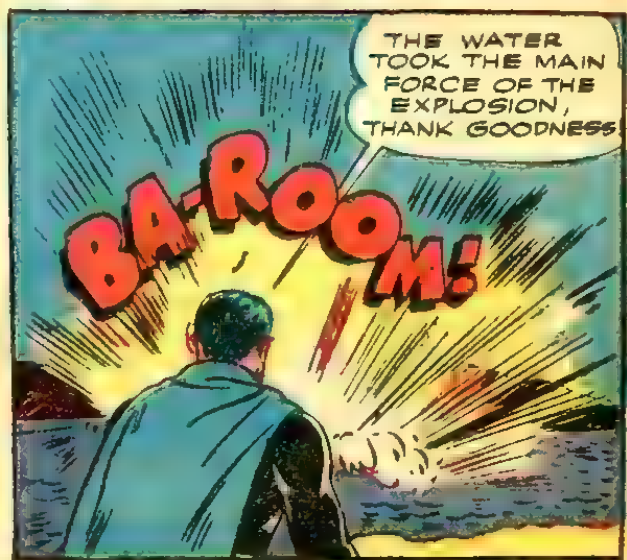
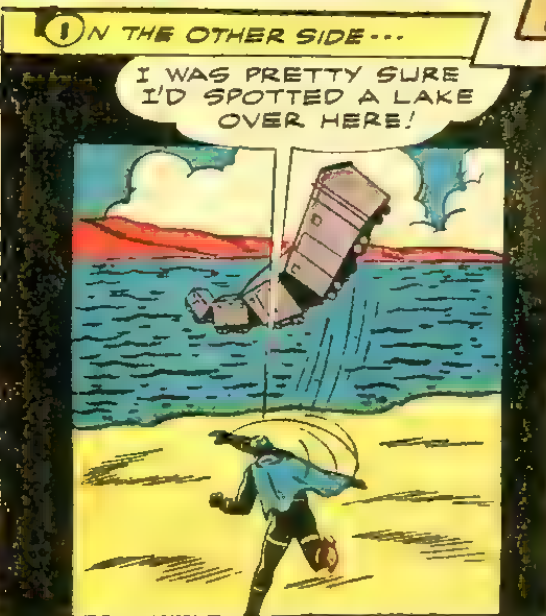
WHATEVER CLUES MAY HAVE BEEN IN THE HIDEOUT ARE OBLITERATED NOW!

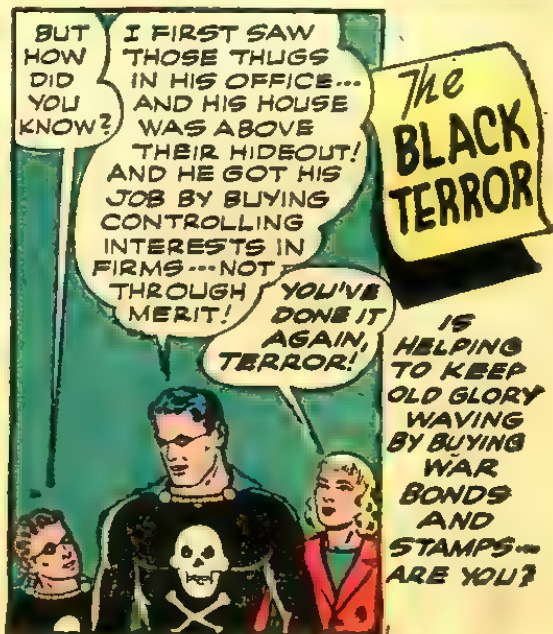
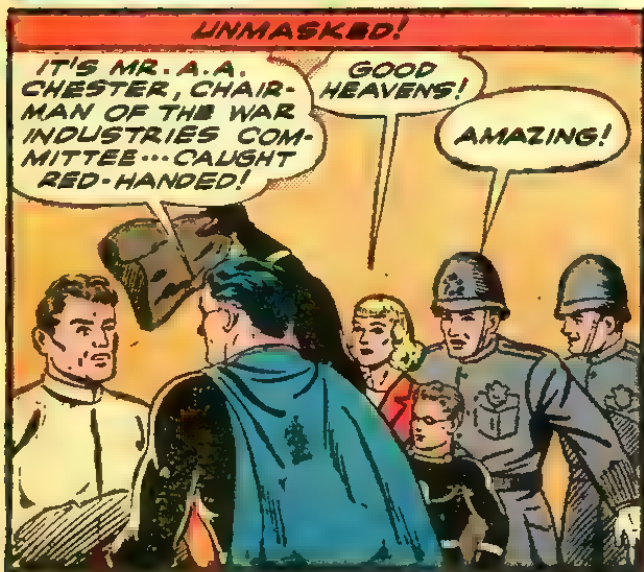
YEAH-- BUT THANKS TO YOU WE'RE NOT!

A.A. CHESTER



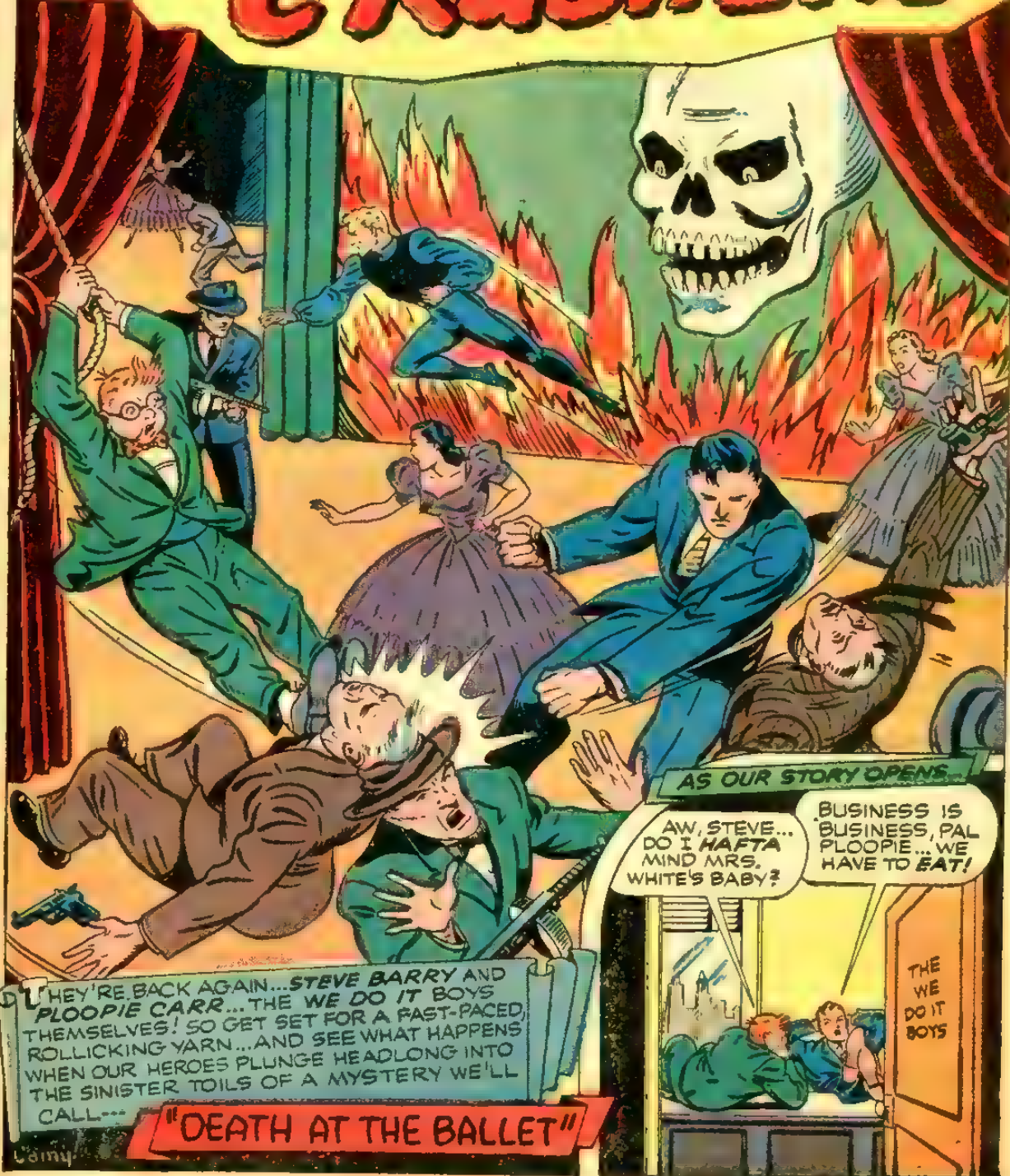






The

CRIME CRUSHERS



AS OUR STORY OPENS...

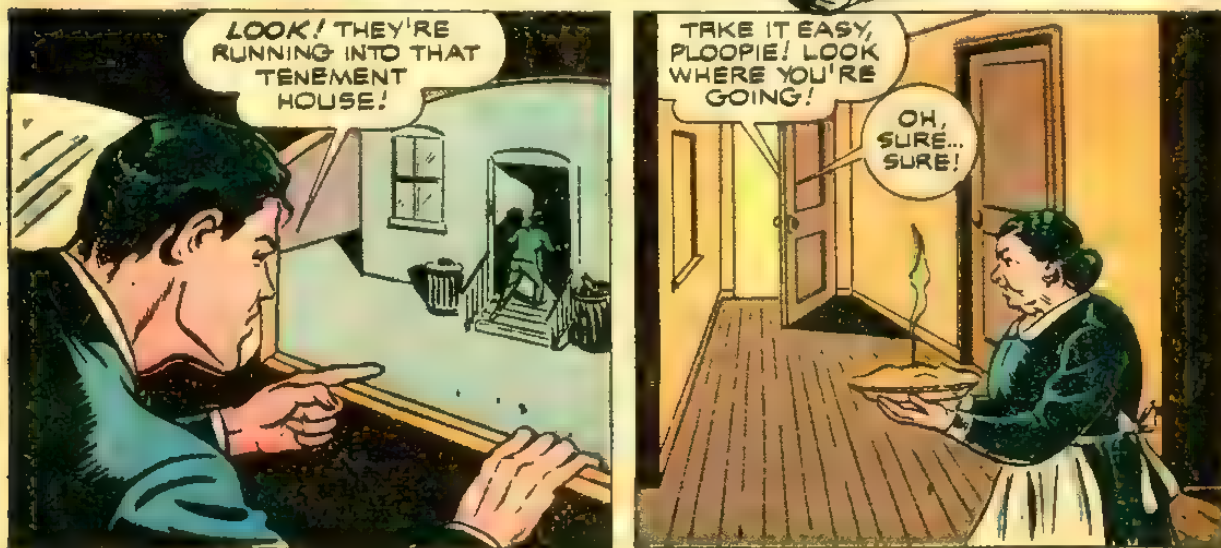
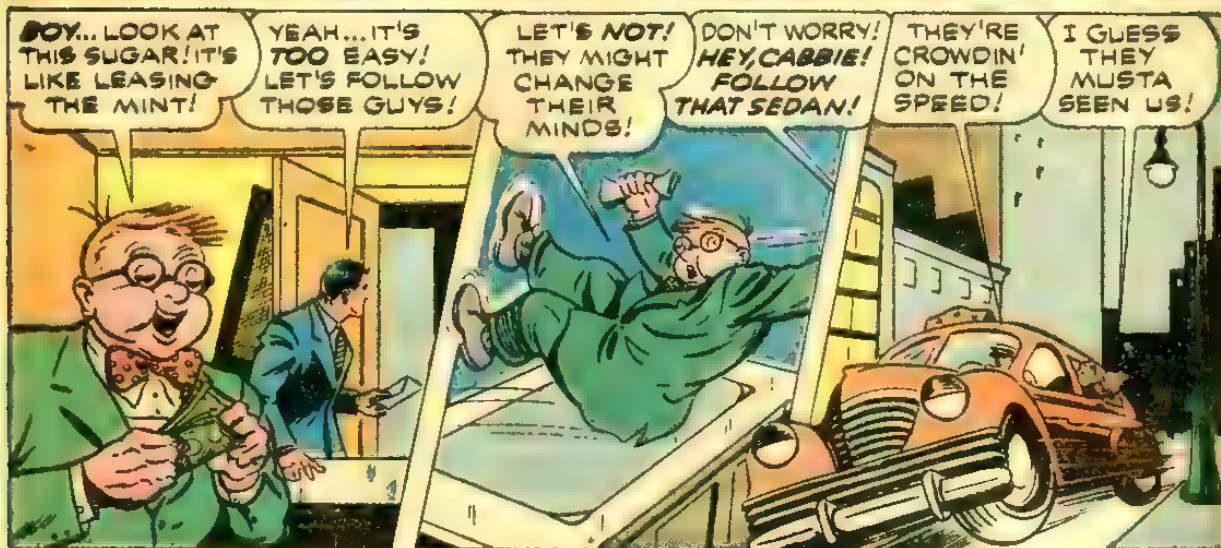
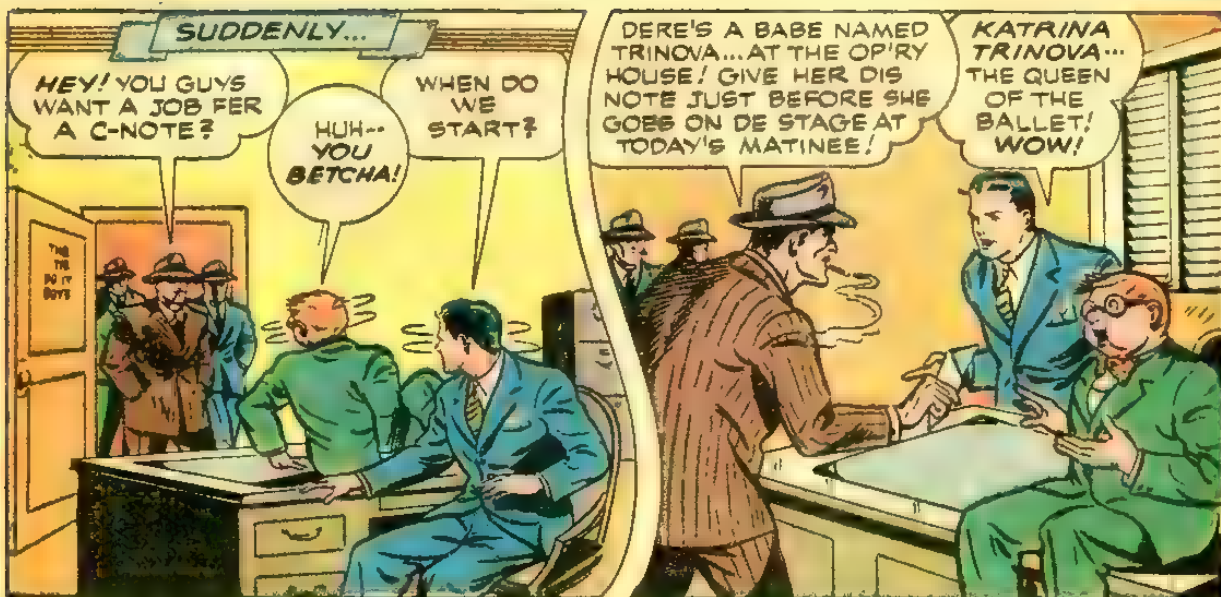
AW, STEVE...
DO I HAFTA
MIND MRS.
WHITE'S BABY?

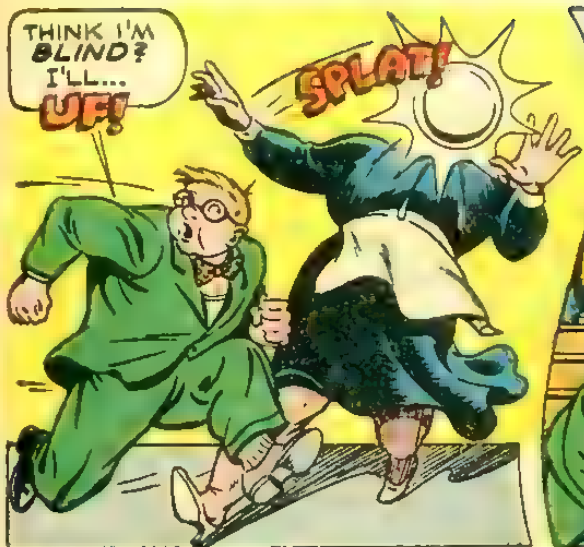
BUSINESS IS
BUSINESS, PAL
PLOOPIE... WE
HAVE TO EAT!

THEY'RE BACK AGAIN... STEVE BARRY AND PLOOPIE CARR... THE WE DO IT BOYS THEMSELVES! SO GET SET FOR A FAST-PACED, ROLLICKING YARN... AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN OUR HEROES PLUNGE HEADLONG INTO THE SINISTER TOILS OF A MYSTERY WE'LL CALL...

"DEATH AT THE BALLET"

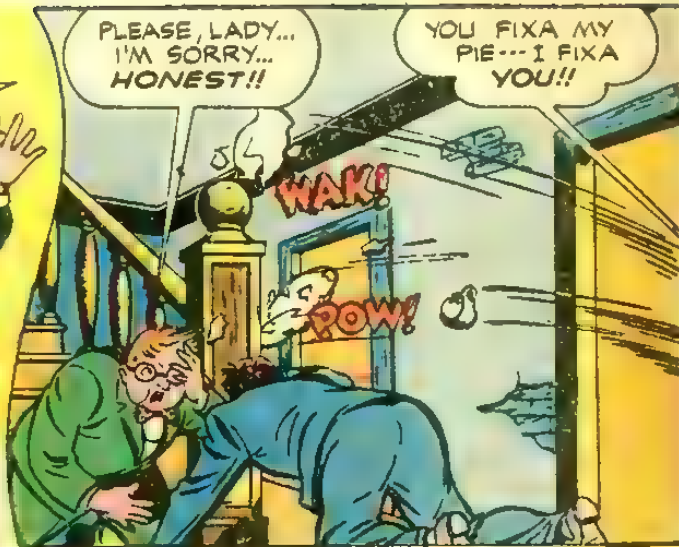
THE
WE
DO IT
BOYS





THINK I'M
BLIND?
I'LL...
UP!

SPLAT!

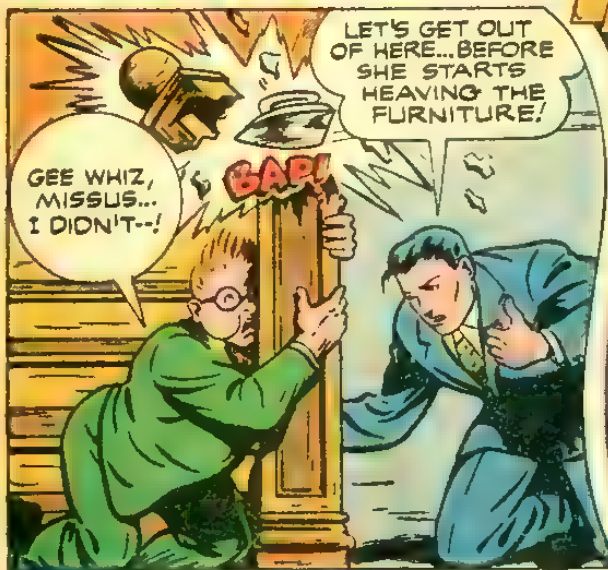


PLEASE, LADY...
I'M SORRY...
HONEST!!

YOU FIXA MY
PIE... I FIXA
YOU!!

WAK!

POW!

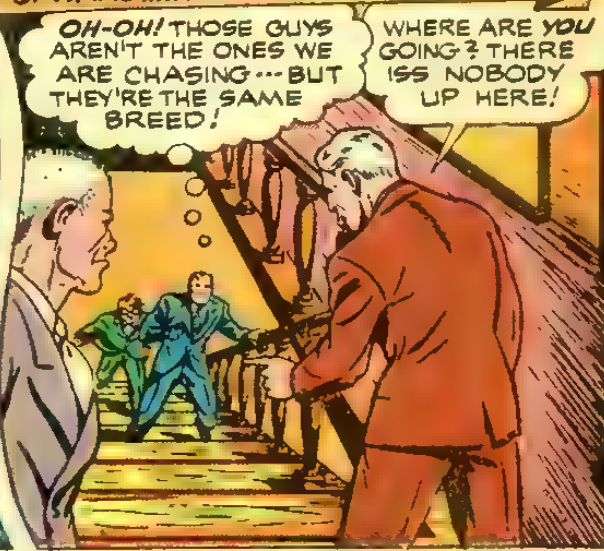


GEE WHIZ,
MISSUS...
I DIDN'T--!

GAP!

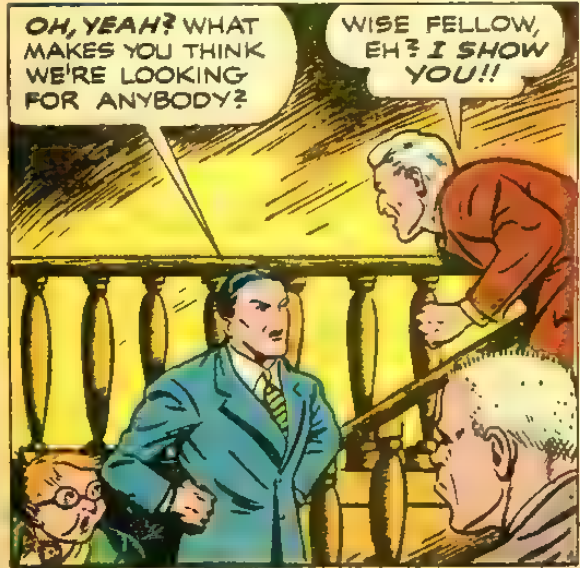
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE... BEFORE
SHE STARTS
HEAVING THE
FURNITURE!

UPWARD... INTO THE JAWS OF PERIL!



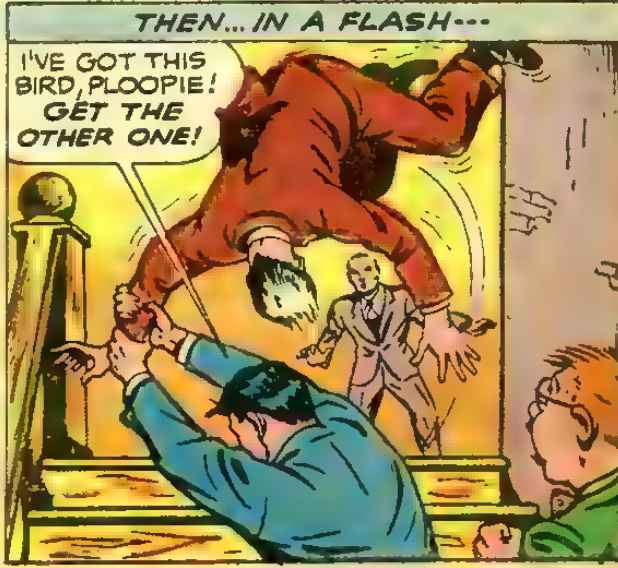
OH-OH! THOSE GUYS
AREN'T THE ONES WE
ARE CHASING... BUT
THEY'RE THE SAME
BREED!

WHERE ARE YOU
GOING? THERE
ISS NOBODY
UP HERE!



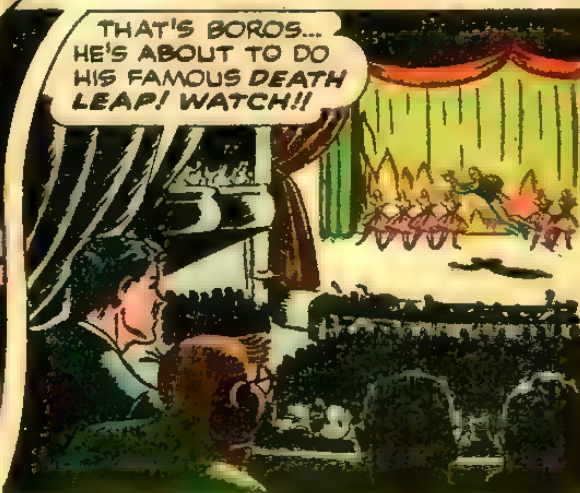
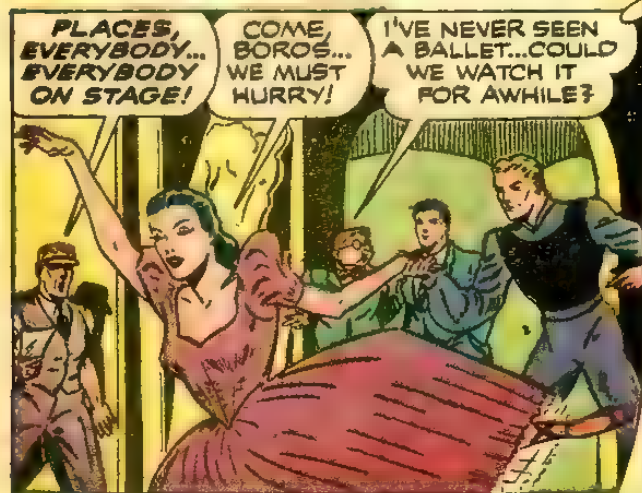
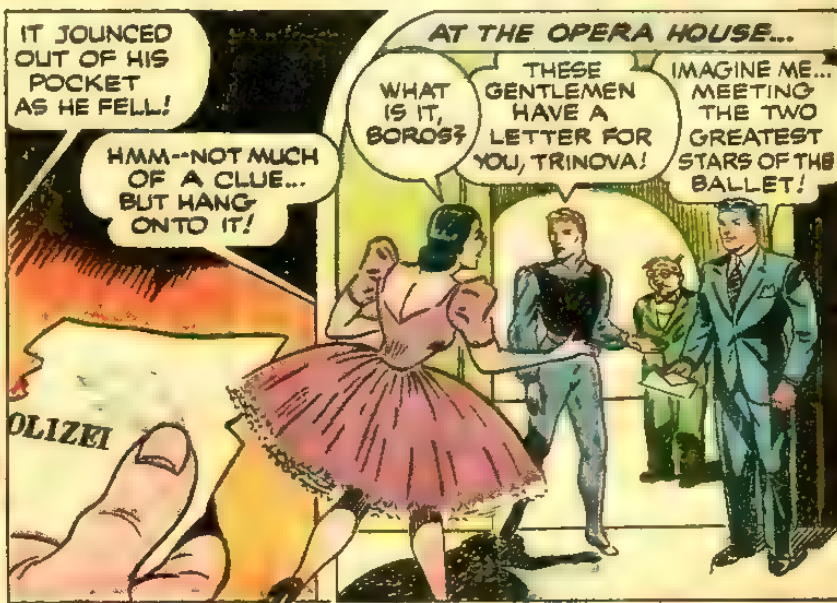
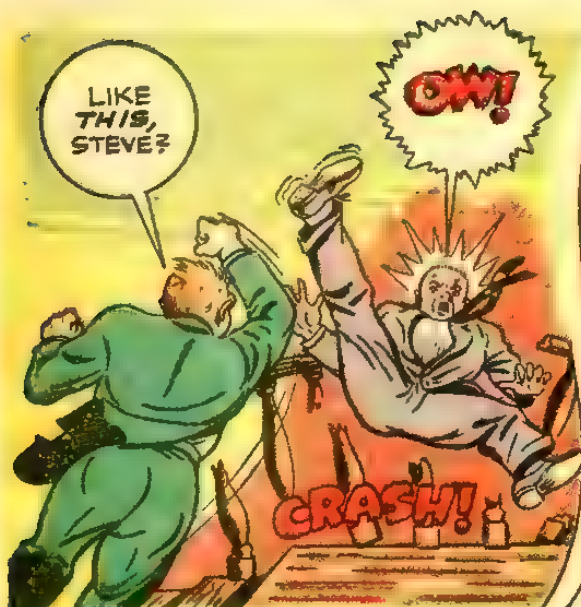
OH, YEAH? WHAT
MAKES YOU THINK
WE'RE LOOKING
FOR ANYBODY?

WISE FELLOW,
EH? I SHOW
YOU!!



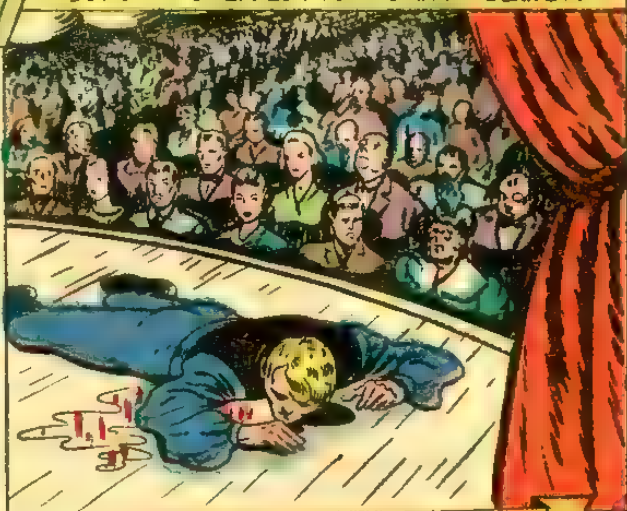
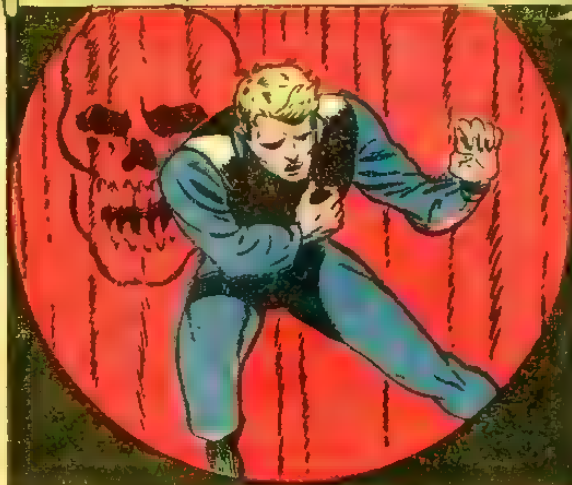
THEN... IN A FLASH...

I'VE GOT THIS
BIRD, PLOOPIE!
GET THE
OTHER ONE!



THE DRAMATIC LEAP...THE CONTORTED FEATURES THAT MARK THE ONSET OF DEATH...YES, EVERYTHING SEEMS AS USUAL...

...AND THEN...THE CRASHING FINALE! IS IT BOROS'S GREATEST PERFORMANCE...OR--?



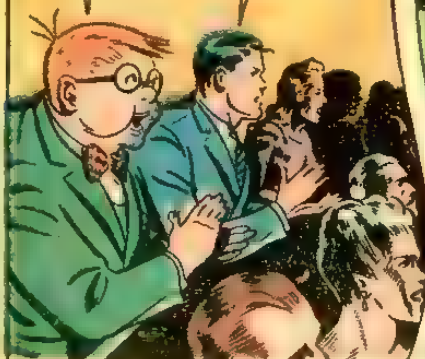
GEE... THAT SURE WAS REALISTIC!

YES---EVEN FOR BOROS! IT GAVE ME GOOSE-FLESH!

THEN...FROM THE CHEERING AUDIENCE...

UF! WHAT THE--!

HEY, STEVE...IT'S THOSE THREE GUYS! THE ONES WHO HIRED US!

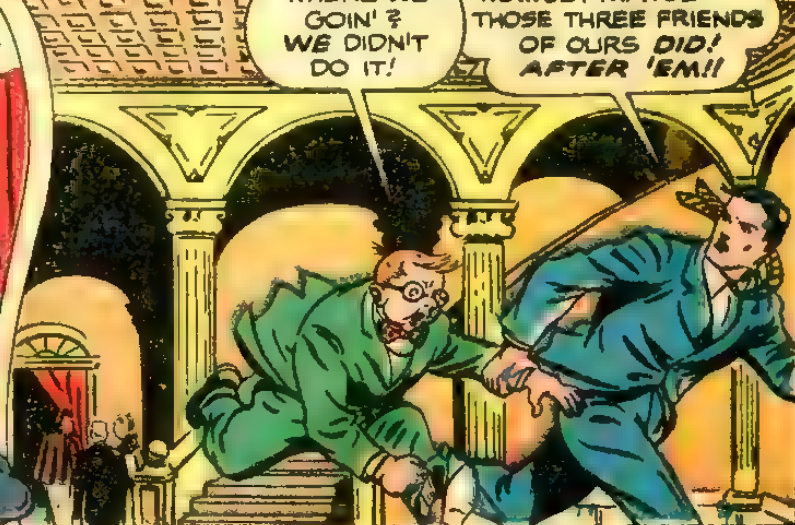


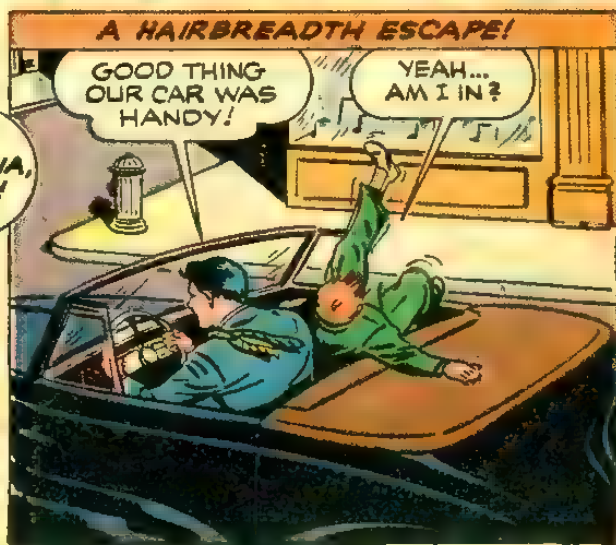
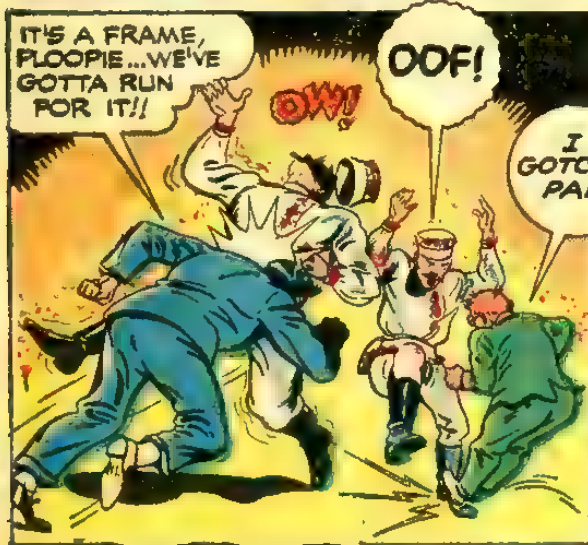
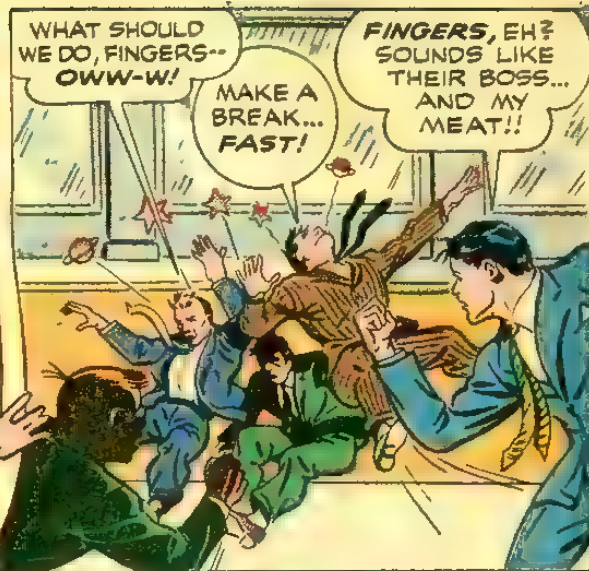
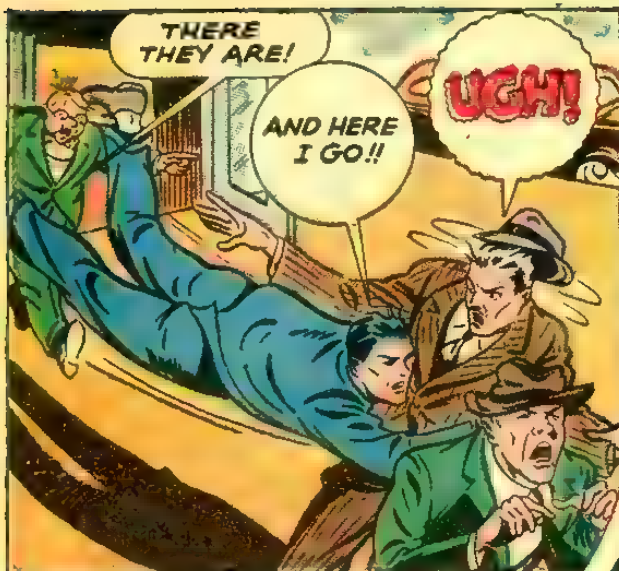
AND ONSTAGE...

GOOD HEAVENS... HE'S BEEN SHOT! HE'S DEAD!!

WHERE WE GOIN'? WE DIDN'T DO IT!

NO... BUT MAYBE THOSE THREE FRIENDS OF OURS DID! AFTER 'EM!!





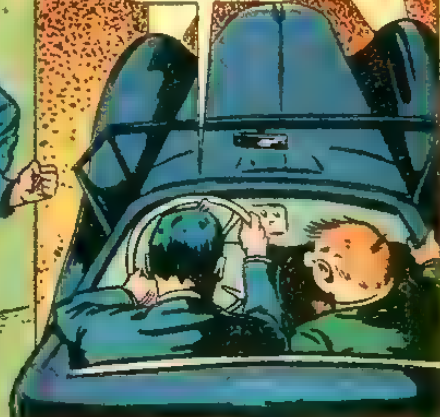
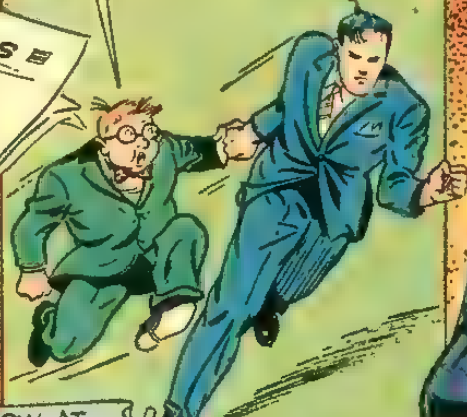
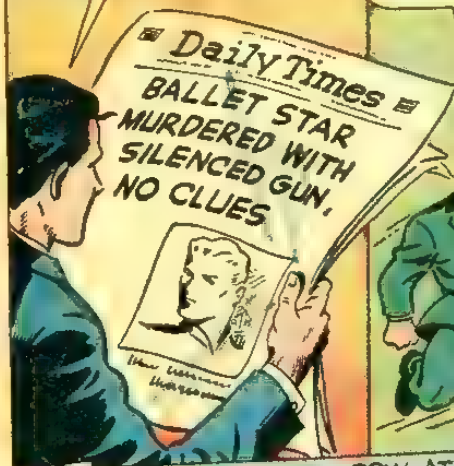
LATER...

NO CLUES...
I WONDER...

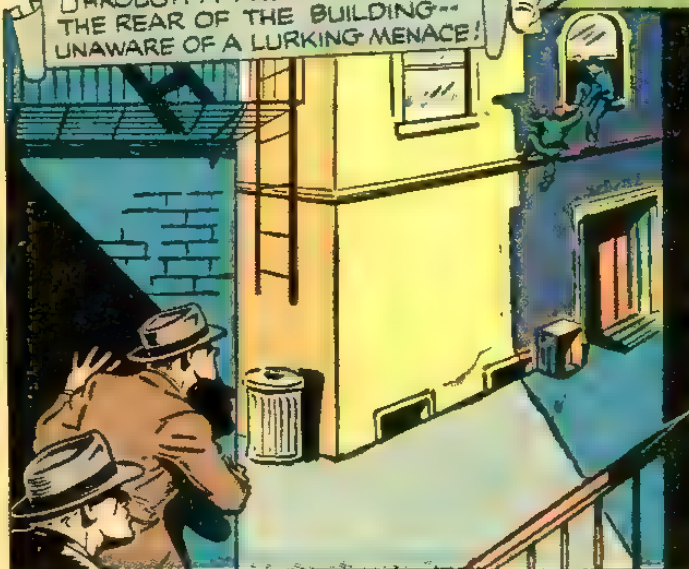
JIMINY
WHIZ--
WHERE
NOW?

BACKSTAGE...
AT THE
OPERA HOUSE!

TRINOVA SICKED THOSE
RUSSIANS ON US BECAUSE
OF THAT LETTER...BUT SHE'S
WITHOLDING IT FROM THE
POLICE! MAYBE WE CAN
FIND IT!



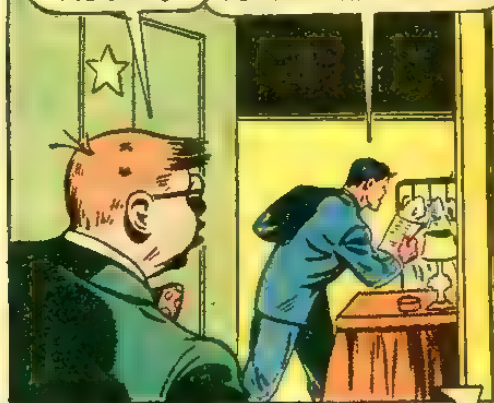
THROUGH A TINY WINDOW AT
THE REAR OF THE BUILDING--
UNAWARE OF A LURKING MENACE!



INTO THE DESERTED BUILDING...
WHERE A CAREFUL SEARCH
REVEALS...

SURE THIS
IS HER
ROOM?

YEAH--HOT DOG!
WE'RE IN LUCK---
HERE'S THE LETTER!



WHAT
DOES IT
SAY?
I'M
BUSTIN'!

HMM..."WE ARE TAKING
CARE OF BOROS TO-
NIGHT!" I THOUGHT
SO...THIS WAS MERELY
TO THROW SUSPICION
ON US AND GIVE THE
REAL MURDERER A FREE
HAND FOR AWHILE LONGER!

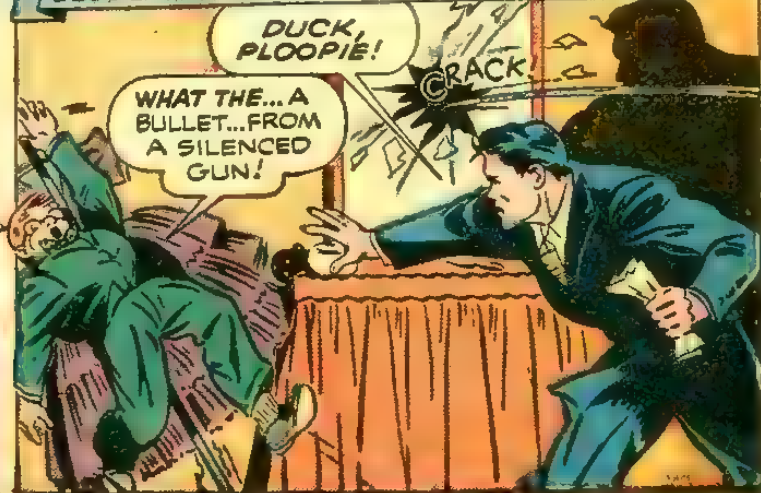


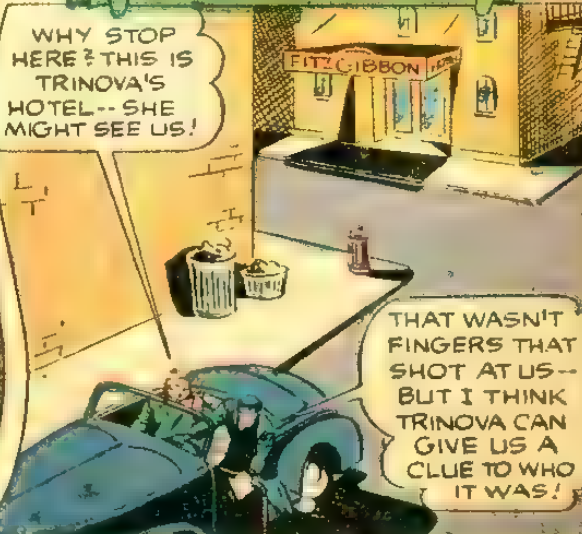
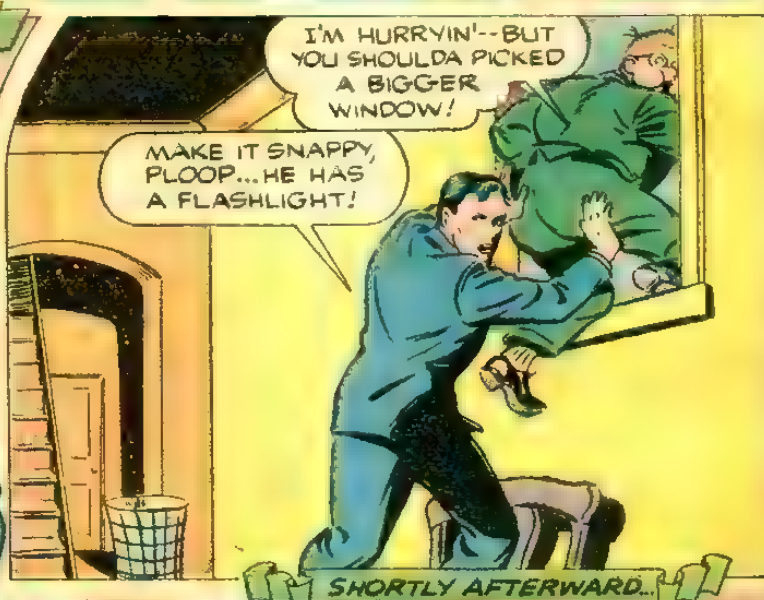
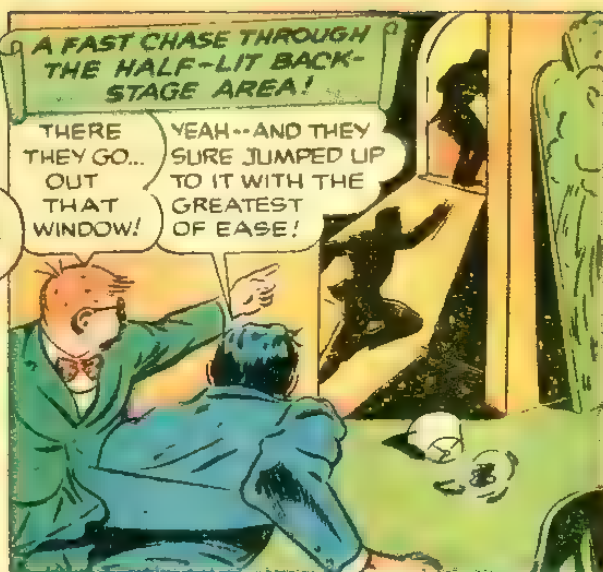
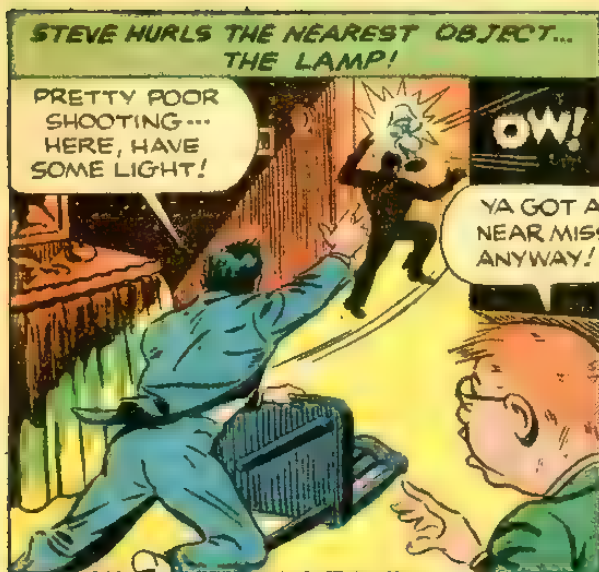
SUDDENLY...WARNED BY A SIXTH SENSE...

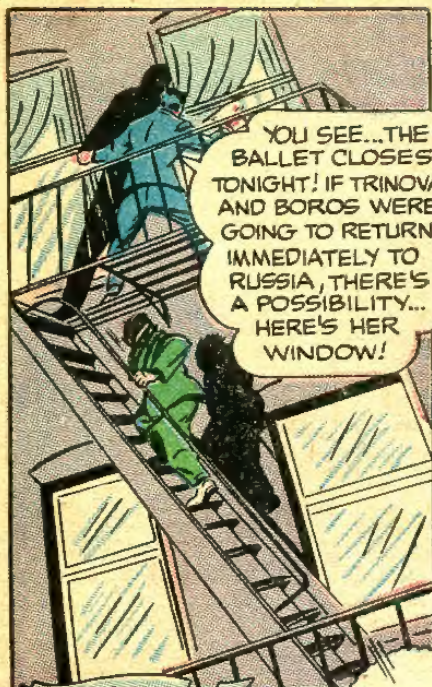
DUCK,
PLOOPIE!

WHAT THE...A
BULLET...FROM
A SILENCED
GUN!

CRACK!







YOU SEE...THE
BALLET CLOSES
TONIGHT! IF TRINOVA
AND BOROS WERE
GOING TO RETURN
IMMEDIATELY TO
RUSSIA, THERE'S
A POSSIBILITY...
HERE'S HER
WINDOW!



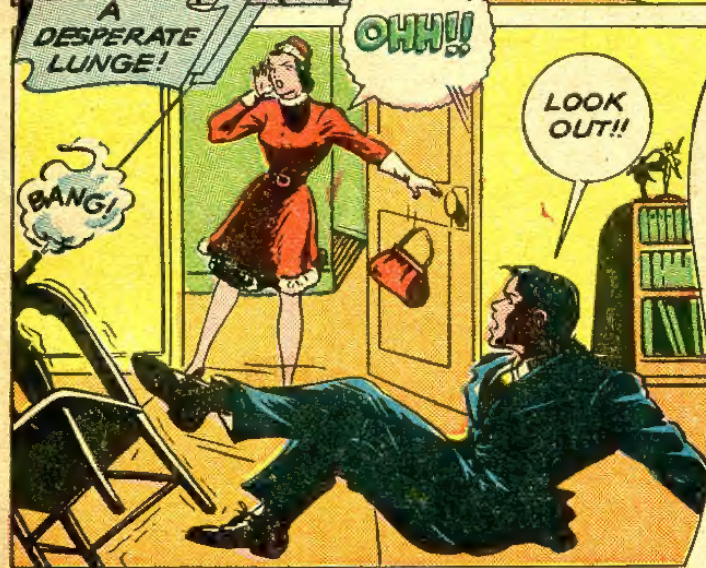
SURE IS DARK
IN H---UGH!

OH!



LONG MINUTES
AFTERWARD...

LUCKY I GOT A
GLANCING BLOW---
HOLY SMOKE! THAT
GUN'S POINTED AT
THE DOOR...AND
SOMEBODY'S COMING!



A
DESPERATE
LUNGE!

OH!!

LOOK
OUT!!



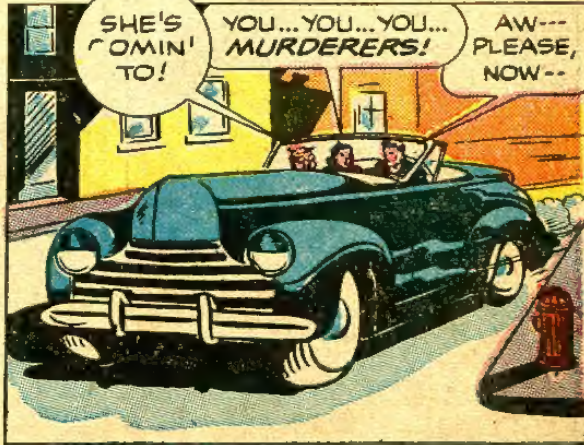
THE BALLERINA FAINTS!

THAT SHOT WILL
BRING THE HOTEL DICKS
DOWN ON US...WE'VE
GOT TO HURRY!

WHA--
WHA--
WHAT?



I'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE
TO TALK TO HER UNLESS
I TAKE HER WITH US!



SHE'S
'OMINI'
TO!

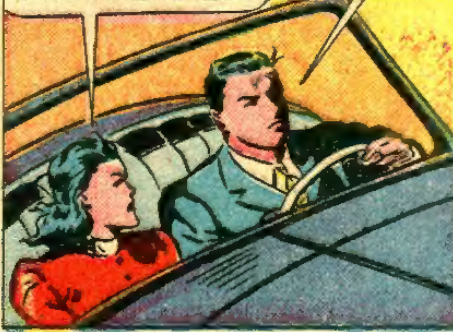
YOU...YOU...YOU...
MURDERERS!

AW---
PLEASE,
NOW--

---WE'RE NOT KILLERS!
BUT, THINK...DO YOU KNOW
OF TWO BALLET DANCERS
WHO MIGHT BE MEMBERS
OF THE GESTAPO... AND
MIGHT WANT TO KILL
BOTH YOU AND BOROS?



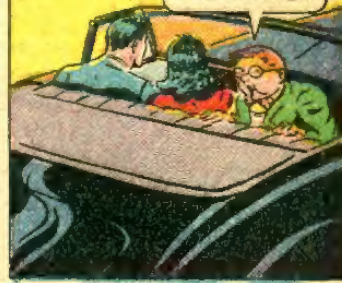
WHY...YES! BEFORE
THE WAR, BOROS
AND I, AS MEMBERS
OF THE **OGPU**,
LEARNED THAT TWO
OF OUR TROUPE
WERE GESTAPO
MEN...THEY
DISAPPEARED!



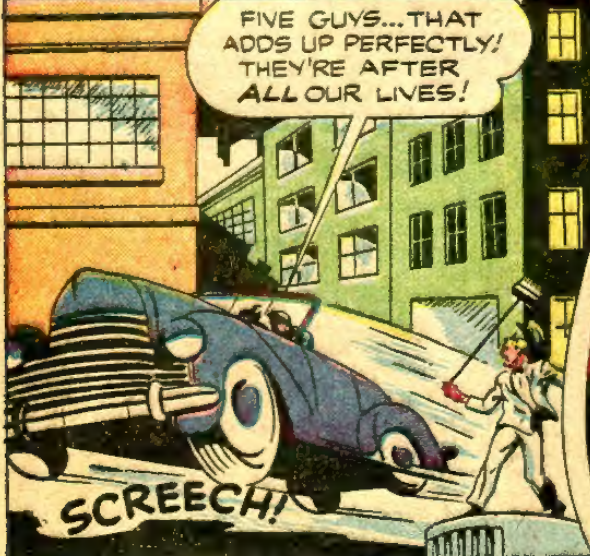
THEN THEY KNEW
YOU WERE **OGPU**
MEMBERS--AND
I'LL BET YOU'RE
TAKING VITAL
INFORMATION
BACK TO RUSSIA
WITH YOU!

NOW WE'RE
GETTING
SOMEWHERE!

I HOPE SO--
THERE ARE
FIVE GUYS
BEHIND US...
AND THOSE
AREN'T WATER
PISTOLS THEY'RE
AIMING!



FIVE GUYS...THAT
ADDS UP PERFECTLY!
THEY'RE AFTER
ALL OUR LIVES!



WE'LL STOP 'EM! YOU
GO SOMEPLACE WHERE
YOU'LL BE SAFE!
TAKE MY CAR!

I'LL GO TO THE
THEATRE...THE
LAST PERFORM-
ANCE BEGINS VERY
SOON, ANYHOW!



GRAB ONE
OF THESE,
PLOOPIE!

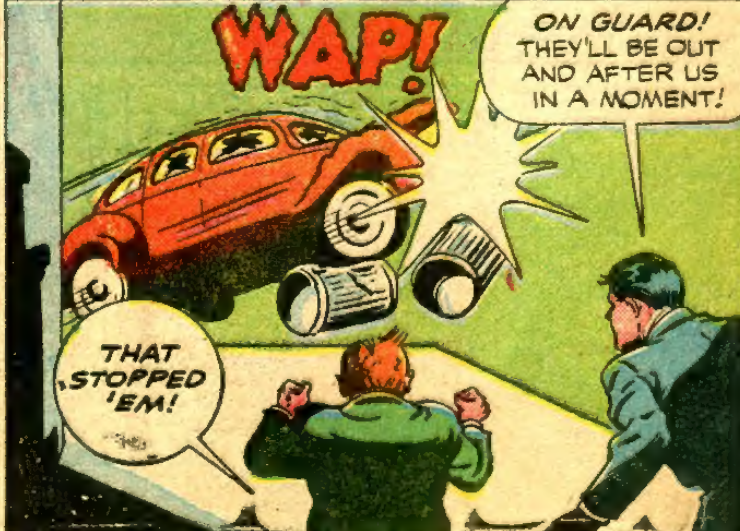
I BEGIN TO
CATCH YOUR
DRIFT, PAL!

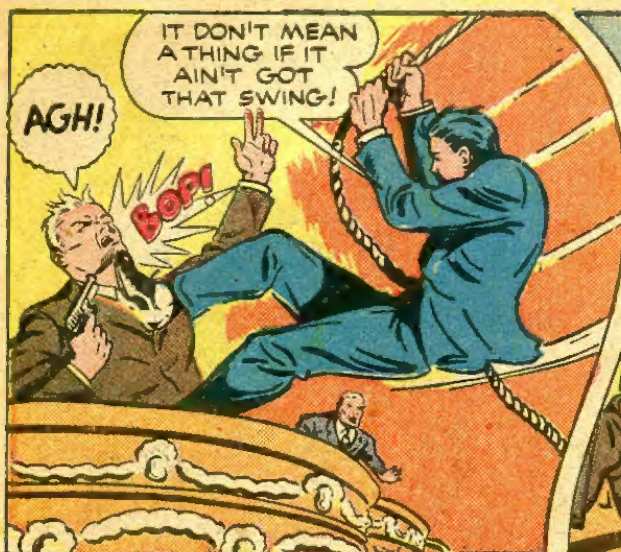


WAP!

ON GUARD!
THEY'LL BE OUT
AND AFTER US
IN A MOMENT!

THAT
STOPPED
'EM!





LATER...BACKSTAGE...

NEXT DAY...



YOU JUST THINK IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! JUST WAIT UNTIL OUR NEXT ISSUE...AND WATCH THOSE CRIME CRUSHERS GO TO TOWN!